

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

SOLZHENITSYN SPEAKS OUT

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Also In This Issue:

The Marijuana Business by Michael Gazzaniga ♦ Hearts and Minds, a review by M. J. Sobran Jr. ♦ Plus Hugh Kenner ♦ Robert D. Novak ♦ Linda Bridges ♦ S. K. Overbeck ♦ Mano

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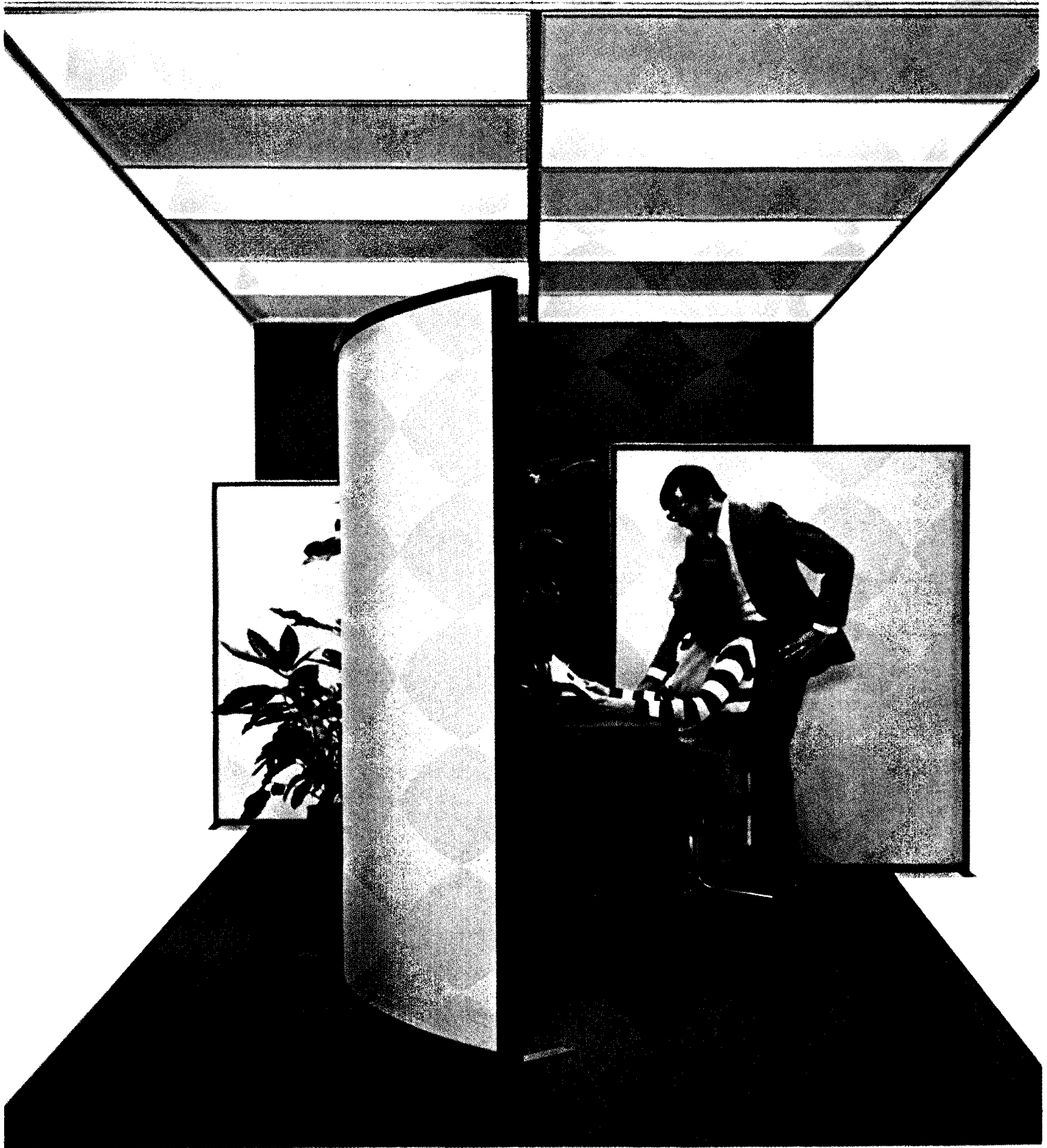
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*"This book is an exciting blueprint for a complete realignment of our political system."**

"At just the moment when the argument rages, Rusher is here, extensively and trenchantly, to make the case for dropping the Republican Party . . ." — William F. Buckley, Jr.

A new third political party in the United States?

No.

An actual *restoration* of the party system in America?

Exactly.

From William A. Rusher, syndicated columnist and well-known publisher of the *National Review* comes the decade's most significant political proposal for conservatives . . . a proposal that at last provides a practical vehicle for the principles enunciated in Barry Goldwater's "The Conscience of a Conservative." *The Making of The New Majority Party*, now available in bookstores everywhere, proposes a *new* political party to fill the needs of that 59% of American adults who consider themselves "conservative" — according to the Gallup poll.

Historical response to new ideas and new inventions seems always the same: it won't work.

Rusher is fully aware that America has had scores of third parties, none of which have worked.

But Rusher cogently responds that a third party presumes the existence of two other viable parties — a point he explicitly rejects. Because the Democratic party stands for practically everything and the Republican party has come to stand for practically nothing, America is essentially a partyless nation.

Here is nothing less than an outline of a coalition of traditional economic conservatives and the more populist social conservatives agreeing on a wide range of issues. —

— and creating an organization that could make conservatives not only the majority political party, but the majority political party in power.

If you read no other political statement in 1975 . . . you must read *The Making of The New Majority Party*.

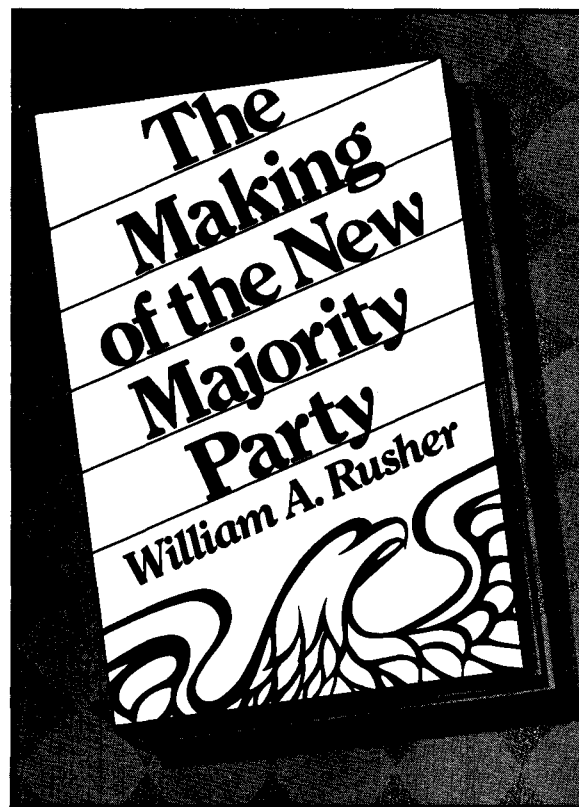
"Rusher has isolated the social and economic forces that will shape the landscape of the future. His book is not merely recommended — it is

essential to informed opinion about the coming era in American politics." — *M. Stanton Evans, Chairman, American Conservative Union.*

"Yes, the conservatives are ready to go. Not so, the liberals." — *Edward Gilbreth, Chicago Daily News.*

"Rusher may be the Tom Paine of the counter-revolution." — *Jeffrey Hart, syndicated columnist.*

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Rush my copy of *The Making of The New Majority Party* by William A. Rusher. I enclose payment of \$6.95 per book.

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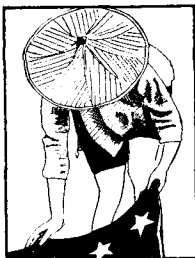
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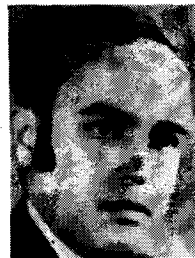
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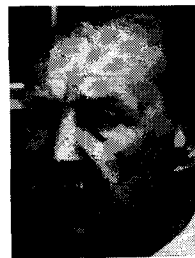
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We interrupt this pot party to bring you some straight dope. Marijuana is potent stuff, and new evidence points to a wide range of effects—some baneful, some possibly beneficial.

Michael Gazzaniga

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A writer who lives there (he may be the only one) attempts to convey the feel of the place—its flat tires, old IRA ballads, picketers, and contempt for the Nazis who have come to help.

John McKernan

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Christopher Buckley

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Letters

Calling Up the Troops

Almost he persuadeth me: William A. Rusher, that is, with his program for a "new majority party" ["A New Party: Eventually, Why Not Now?" May 23].

I have strong reservations: enough voters to win a presidential election would just be a cumbersome group to get wheeled around into formation—especially if they won't all take orders from the same General. And I'm afraid that in this army there may be too many officers and not enough noncoms.

Still, it may be worth the try: and if they can find someone to lead I will follow.

New Haven, Conn.

JOHN DRAILLIT

Hearts and Minds

In "It's All Your Fault," James Burnham [April 25] singles out a few leading targets at which blame for the Indochina debacle may be directed. He offers cogent reasons for listing his candidates, including even the American people as a whole.

But why didn't he go one step further, and account for how the people's attitude in the matter was formed? This would have led him inevitably to the influential segments of the media where "disgruntled citizens" who sabotaged the national effort were respectfully tolerated and even held out to the public as heroes of sorts. The *Hearts and Minds* award was merely the epilogue to the media's role in the melodrama.

Chicago, Ill.

W. J. HILLMERT

It's surprising that the Academy of Motion Picture Arts & Sciences was surprised by a Vietcong outburst from one of this year's winners ["The Week," April 25]—surprising because the Academy must have perceived the message of *Hearts and Minds* before nominating it.

Apparently the radical chic gestalt has so beclouded film industry minds that they fail to see the common theme in most current Hollywood "entertainment": an indictment of American society.

Many of the films nominated this year assaulted the very class that the lavishly dressed audience at the Awards was striv-

ing to emulate. Lenny paints its hero as a martyr to the injustices of middle class America. *Godfather II* preaches that organized crime and big business are first cousins. *Towering Inferno* blames a fictional tragedy on corporate greed. And *Chinatown* fixes on the corrupting of government by money power.

Having viewed and nominated this collective attack on our nation, why should the Academy be shocked at one overtly Communist statement from a winner? The whole sorry scene makes me nostalgic for the days of the Hollywood Blacklist.

Los Angeles, Calif.

R. H. DARDEN

Time on the Cross

One quick point about *Time on the Cross*. Everyone seems to miss Fogel and Engerman's estimate that slavery resulted in a net loss to society of \$60 million in 1850. Because of the horrible conditions under which they were forced to work, Fogel and Engerman say, slaves suffered a net loss of \$84 million while the rest of society gained only \$24 million. And this is only the quantifiable economic cost of slavery. "Just as we were told?"

Slippery Rock, Pa.

JOSEPH HORTON

Mano

D. Keith Mano's report [March 28] on Miami Beach strikes me as being not only shallow and superficial but also inconsiderate and cruel. I have no particular reason to defend this or any other resort town in Florida, but I don't understand Mr. Mano's point. Would he deny elderly people the right to warm their bones in the Southern sun just because their flesh is not firm enough or their skin sufficiently supple to appeal to him? If the "aged shameless" behave in poor taste, they are only trying to keep up with the new standards set by their permissive younger counterparts.

It affords me considerable satisfaction to reflect that even though he may not be aware of it, Mr. Mano will in due course experience the inroads of old age just as surely as night follows day. Those rosy cheeks, those firm muscles, and those ro-

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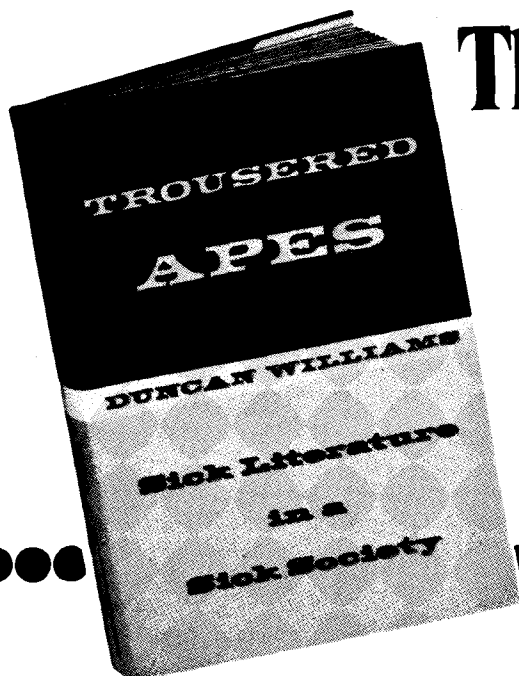


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Three eminent British newspapers called this underground book one of the best of the year

TROUSERED APES

Sick Literature in a Sick Society

Duncan Williams Foreword by MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

"Anything goes," proclaimed a memorable Cole Porter song of the Thirties—but sardonically. It remained for the Savage Sixties and the Sick Seventies to emancipate us—to the level of trousered apes.

British professor Duncan Williams takes the view, lately unfashionable, that art can corrupt: "the arts in general are not merely a mirror reflecting social and cultural values, but are, on the contrary, powerful forces which shape and mould the way in which people live and behave."

Thus the lurid themes that dominate literature and drama today—sadism, sodomy, the drug culture, barnyard sex—and the raw rendering of them, work their poison into the social body. The result is animalism. Trousered apes. "We are teaching savagery," notes Professor Williams, "and are naively appalled at the success of our instruction."

With urbanity and easy learning, Professor Williams links today's trousered apes to their forebear, Rousseau's Noble Savage. Two centuries of revolt against religion, reason and order led us to Woodstock.

In his provocative Foreword, Malcolm Muggeridge traces the odyssey of this book in its British edition, from underground sleeper to nomination among 1971's Books of the Year by three eminent London papers: the *Sunday Times*, the *Observer* and the *Sunday Telegraph*. The book's message is at least as urgent for America.

Witty, erudite,
passionately felt

"Witty, erudite, passionately felt . . . a brilliant attack, and perhaps, the beginning of a major argument of the '70s."—C. P. Snow, *Financial Times*

"Professor Williams, after closely studying contemporary developments in art and literature . . . observes, and brilliantly describes, the increasing predominance of an anti-civilizing trend, closely linked to a cult of ugliness, a morbid concentration on the baser elements of life, a clinical obsession with the bizarre, with the grossly sensual and degrading aspects of human nature . . . Masterly analysis."—Peregrine Worsthorne, *Sunday Telegraph*

"Provocative and important . . . new book."—Peter Grosvenor, *Daily Express*

"A powerful indictment of the 'arrogant primitivism' which in fiction, the drama and the popular arts glorifies violence and animalism . . . a powerful analysis of the violence allied to triviality that characterises so much of our contemporary society."—*Tablet*

"Acute in diagnosing and describing the malady."—Michael Wharton, *Daily Telegraph*

"Here in England, the book began by being more or less bootlegged. Few reviewers noticed it (an honorable exception being C. P. Snow, who dealt with it at length), bookshops didn't stock it, the trade and the literary establishment left it severely alone. The reason is obvious. *Trousered Apes* (the title is taken from C. S. Lewis) is a cogently argued, highly intelligent and devastatingly effective anatomisation of what passes for culture today, showing that it is nihilistic in purpose, ethically and spiritually vacuous, and Gadarene in destination."—Malcolm Muggeridge

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FOR THE RECORD

■ The first poll on the *Mayaguez* affair (Decision Research Corporation) found 75 per cent of the people in favor of sending in the Marines "when we did," 15 per cent in favor of further negotiations, only 4 per cent against the President's action. . . . Among the 4 per cent: Democratic Senators **Edward Kennedy**, **Henry Jackson**, and **George McGovern**. Kennedy was glad they got out but doubtful about the means used; Jackson said first that "[he hoped] we were not going down the same road we followed in the Tonkin Gulf record of 1964," but later—after the success of the mission—gave **Gerald Ford** "high marks." McGovern, first quoted in the *Washington Post* as approving the exercise, demanded a correction the following day and said that though gratified the crew had been rescued, the action "was not in keeping with the maturity of a great nation." . . . **Evans & Novak**, commenting on criticism of leading Democrats even after success of mission, felt it "illustrates that the [Democratic] Party remains out of touch with the electorate." . . . *Pueblo* Commander **Lloyd Bucher** doubted that "we would have ever seen a *Mayaguez* incident" had **Lyndon Johnson** handled the *Pueblo* incident in the same way. . . . In London, **Concerned Americans Abroad** indicated their disapproval of Ford's "naked aggression" by staging a guided walk through Mayfair, pointing out to the press the homes of alleged CIA employees.

■ Interesting interview by **Richard Holbrooke**, managing editor of *Foreign Affairs*, with PLO leaders in Beirut, reveals that **Yassir Arafat** had observers in Hanoi during final weeks of Vietnam War; and that they are preparing a report on U.S. strengths and failures there and its "application to liberation



Punch

Rothco

"Do you remember the good old days when we had lost the war in Vietnam but didn't know it?"

movements everywhere"—and obviously particularly in the Middle East. . . . The **South Korean National Assembly** has passed a resolution asking for additional U.S. aid immediately as a demonstration to a possibly restive North Korea that the U.S. intends to stand by its treaty obligations to Seoul. . . . The **European press** is starting to call Cambodia "the Albania of Southeast Asia," given the draconian measures now being taken there by the Khmer Rouge. Not the least of which, according to a **Royal Khmer** Government report, has been the execution of two former Cambodian premiers, **Long Boret** and **Sirik Matak**, who refused to desert their people when offered a ride out in a U.S. helicopter. . . . At New York City "Vietnam Victory" celebration, **Russell Means** of the American Indian Movement charged that the same U.S. "war machine [had been] responsible for the massacres at Mylai and Wounded Knee."

■ **Godfrey Sperling**, of the *Christian Science Monitor*, calls the wooing of **Barry Goldwater** by the Ford, **Rockefeller**, and **Reagan** camps the "Goldwater factor" in the presidential cam-

paign. . . . Most conservative hardliners feel if Ford wants to capitalize on favorable reaction of the Right on *Mayaguez*, he should cool moves toward a new **Panama Canal Treaty** and new rapprochement with **Castro** Cuba. . . . On the Canal, Sen. **Strom Thurmond** has lined up a surprising number of liberals who oppose changes in the treaty. Among them, Sens. **Stuart Symington** (Mo.), **Vance Hartke** (Ind.), **Thomas McIntyre** (N.H.), **Joseph Montoya** (N.M.), and **Wendell Ford** (Ky.)—all Democrats. . . . Sen. **Harry Byrd** (D., Va.), moving on the Castro front, has offered legislation to block re-

peal of the U.S. trade embargo until a) **Castro** promises to pay compensation for seized U.S. property, and b) **Castro** agrees not to intervene in the domestic affairs of any other Latin American country, a la **Che Guevara** in Bolivia.

■ Portuguese Communist leader **Alvaro Cunhal** has explained, in *Pravda*, why it was that his party got only 13 per cent of the vote in the recent elections. It was due, he wrote, "to rightist excesses in areas where the normal democratic situation does not exist, where it is impossible to conduct propagandist explanatory work." . . . A week later, **Communist printers** did their best to change all that by closing down the *Socialist Republica*, which was the only non-Communist-dominated daily in Lisbon.

■ Signs of the times: A lecture agent has advised **David Phillips**, the CIA man who has resigned from the Agency to undertake its defense, that whereas he can expect to make from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year on lectures defending the Agency, he could make between \$50,000 and 100,000 a year attacking it.

Winning at the Races May Not Be Your Idea of Fun, But...

Here I sit, trying to write about Larry Voegelé. And all the while I'm working and sweating, the guy I'm writing about is out at the racetrack. Not a worry in the world—and probably making more money in a day than I make in a week.

What's his secret? *He knows how to beat the races. Really* knows. Knows so much that he runs a school for handicappers. (It's the only one of its kind in the world. Which is why he was asked to appear on "What's My Line.") He charges his "students" two hundred bucks apiece. He tells them that if they're not completely satisfied he'll return every cent they've paid, and *nobody* has ever asked for his money back.

What's more, he went on a live radio show (The Pete Smith Show on KMPC, February 20, 1971) and did something that had never been done before. Mr. Smith really threw it to him: asked him to pick the winners in the 7 races that were being run at Santa Anita, while the program was on the air. Two out of seven would have been good enough to show a profit. Three would have been phenomenal. Larry Voegelé picked *five*!

If he'd been at the track betting, say \$20 on each race, he would have picked up a cool \$404...net profit! Not bad for an afternoon's "work."

And all the knowledge that Larry publicly *proved* that day...*every* fact that he teaches in his \$200 course...is in his book.

If you've never bet on a horse in your life, you'll read and enjoy every word. And end up understanding more than most guys who have been following the ponies all their lives.

If you're an oldtimer, you'll skip the background and get right down to the nitty gritty. If you can forget what you *think* you know, if you have the nerve—and the *discipline*—to follow his methods to the *letter*, you could make more money than you ever dreamed possible.

Why? Because you'll *know* more than 95% of the people who go to the track—and you're *betting against them*! The money they lose, *you'll win*! The track and the state take their cut, but there's plenty to go around.

At Santa Anita, for example, over *two million dollars* is bet every day. And it's a statistical fact that only one out of 20 walks out a big winner. You can be one of them!

Larry Voegelé doesn't look like a race-track tout. He's not.

He's a college graduate. He was the editor of a newspaper. He was a legislative assistant to a congressman.

He was a stockbroker, working for a major Wall Street firm. *Was* because he found out that investing in horse races was *safer*—and more profitable—than trying to beat the Bulls and the Bears at their own game.

And that's the secret of his book. He approaches handicapping as a *professional*. It's *scientific*. No "hunches." No "tips." No so-called "systems."

It isn't even "inside information." Just simple, hard *facts*. Facts that *anyone* could see if they knew what to look for. In short, if they knew what Larry Voegelé knows—and tells in his book. It'll take you about an hour to read it. Another hour to practice what he preaches.

Then if you do *exactly* as he says, step by step...if you don't get reckless or greedy...you'll be on your way to the kind of life you want.

Is that worth a 2-hour investment? Because that's all you're risking. Just time. Not money.

Here's why: your check or money order will *not* be deposited for 31 days *after* your copy of the book is mailed. That'll give you plenty of time to receive your book, read it thoroughly, and put the principles into *action*.

If you're not thrilled with what you've gained, just send the book back within 31 days. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be in the return mail!

Ever heard of an offer like that? No. But there's never been a book like this either.

As to the price—if you decide to keep the book. Frankly, we didn't know what to charge. It isn't just paper and ink. It's *information*. Facts that dozens of people have paid \$200 to gain—and were satisfied to pay.

Verified Results of the Voegelé Professional Method of Winner Selection

Hollywood Park (75 days)

675 Races, 222 Winners
Avg. Win Price: \$9.00 32% Winners
Net Profit \$20 Flat Bet to Win: \$6,480.00

Atlantic City (60 days)

540 Races, 183 Winners
Avg. Win Price: \$9.60 33% Winners
Net Profit \$20 Flat Bet to Win: \$6,666.00

Bay Meadows (64 days)

576 Races, 178 Winners
Avg. Win Price: \$8.90 31% Winners
Net Profit \$20 Flat Bet to Win: \$4,356.00

Santa Anita (75 days)

675 Races, 218 Winners
Avg. Win Price: \$8.68 32% Winners
Net Profit \$20 Flat Bet to Win: \$6,237.00

Pimlico, Winter 1971 (30 Days)

270 Races, 97 Winners
Avg. Win Price: \$9.84 35% Winners
Net Profit \$20 Flat Bet to Win: \$4,140.00

Hialeah (40 days)

400 Races, 147 Winners
Avg. Win Price: \$7.80 37% Winners
Net Profit \$20 Flat Bet to Win: \$3,148.00

Aqueduct (42 days)

378 Races, 127 Winners
Avg. Win Price: \$9.10 33% Winners
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LETTERS

(Continued from page 586)

bust limbs which he admires in the bathroom mirror every morning will, sooner than he now thinks possible, become grey, flabby, and tired, and the quick step of which he is currently so proud will degenerate into a dragging shuffle or an arthritic limp.

I trust that relatively few of your geriatric readers will cancel their subscriptions as a protest against Master Keith's distasteful diatribe. Nevertheless, I'm only sorry that Mano is not a nephew of mine, since it would give me great pleasure to cut him out of my will.

CHARLES V. MONTAGUE
Palma de Mallorca, Spain

May I be the first to nominate D. Keith Mano for the Claude Kirk Tact Award? Mr. Kirk, as you might remember, is the former governor of Florida. He deserves to be written up in the *Guinness Book of World Records* for the awe-inspiring feat of alienating at least half his voters in a single evening with a single remark. It was while he was running for re-election. He was to give a speech at some function or other, and he noticed that one of the reporters sent to cover the event was a woman. Radiating indignation, Mr. Kirk bustled over to her and huffed, "What's the matter with your paper? Didn't they

think this was important enough to send a man?"

From the full meridian of his glory, Mr. Kirk fell, like a bright exhalation in the evening, and no man saw him more.

I hope Mr. Mano never runs for office.

His assertion ["The Phenomenon," April 25] that a happy marriage is one in which a wife gives up her own individuality and does, not her own thing, but her husband's, is not only ridiculous, it's offensive.

Besides, I don't believe he has considered all the consequences. For instance, what if a conservative woman marries a liberal man? If a wife is supposed to do her husband's thing and not her own, does that mean she must take to reading *The New Republic* and give up *NATIONAL REVIEW*? (On second thought, that might not be such a bad idea. Any woman who has given up reading *NR* was spared this disgraceful nonsense.)

Clearwater, Fla. KATHERINE PATRICK

Handouts Never Stop

Paul McGouldrick hopes, in a nutshell ["Incentives and the Working Girl," March 14], that lump sum benefits would goose job seeking efforts, since spaced out unemployment checks would benumb job applications. Could be if benefits in America ever ran out.

But benefits in the U.S. never stop. They just change their names. First, the laborers would spend the lump sum, then the inevitable weekly extensions; then they would go on welfare.

The energetically able always search for jobs; the others usually don't allow the eight o'clock whistle to disturb either the Mother's Day Slouch or the Bread Line Shuffle.

Fairfield, Calif.

TED LOUD

Hunting

John R. Coyne Jr.'s review of Cleveland Amory's *Mankind?* [March 28] moved me to try to write an explanation of hunting: obviously neither Mr. Amory nor Mr. Coyne understands hunting. I find that I am not a good enough writer, but I suggest that if they want to be objective, they should read José Ortega y Gasset's book *Meditations on Hunting*. (An English translation was published in 1972 by Charles Scribner's Sons.) The book explains that man does not hunt to kill, but kills to have hunted. I believe that most conservatives would enjoy reading the provocative insights into anthropology and ecology of this great Spanish thinker.

If people like Mr. Amory do not eat meat, I will disagree with them but respect their position. I feel nothing but contempt for people who can feel so much "sympathy" for wild free animals but will hire others to assassinate animals that are tame and even, in some cases, children's pets. I saw more suffering during three months' employment in a slaughterhouse than I have seen in 22 years of hunting.

Corvallis, Mont.

JOHN G. TIETZ

Kevin P. Phillips
is "one of about five people in
the United States who have a really good
understanding of American electoral
politics."* His new book will show

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to the other four.

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*Walter Dean Burnham, Professor of Political Science, M.I.T.

THE WEEK

■ The National Science Foundation, NASA, and the Office of Naval Research have requested \$150,000 to complete a study on why monkeys clench their jaws in moments of stress. The study has already ascertained, at a cost of only half a million dollars, that monkeys get annoyed when given electric shocks, and that drunken monkeys have slower reflexes than sober monkeys. Our behind-the-scenes sources report that the monkeys themselves were going to conduct the research until they learned their Civil Service standing would have to be downgraded.

■ Among its varied side effects, the *Mayaguez* affair is prompting Congress to reconsider how much of the Imperial Presidency it wants to take over. On February 5, at the height of its post-Watergate fling at conducting foreign policy, both Houses voted to forbid any further shipments of arms to Turkey. Turkey's Cyprus behavior may have been adequate reason, at the time, to suspend actual arms shipments, but translating a tactical suspension into an absolute prohibition merely hamstrung U. S. diplomacy, and removed all leverage and flexibility in our dealings with NATO's eastern anchor. On May 19, in the aftermath of *Mayaguez*, the Senate voted by the barest of majorities (41 to 40) to lift the ban. It will now be up to the House of Representatives to return the conduct of foreign policy to the branch to which the Constitution assigns it.

■ Few economists are as predictable as Walter Heller, former chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson. Regardless of the economic situation, Heller always argues that federal deficits are too small and money growth too slow, which probably accounts for his popularity with politicians. Heller's latest contribution to public enlightenment, in the *Wall Street Journal* (May 13, 1975), worries about the "dangerously timid and restrictive mood" in Congress, and about our "miserly monetary policy" and "parsimonious budget policy." This is considerably more persuasive if you don't recall Professor Heller's similar *Journal* column of January 11, 1973. Heller there predicted that "1973 will go into the record books as a mighty good year, economically." Inflation was to be only a trifle over 3 per cent in 1973, said Heller, and those timid souls who feared more rapid inflation simply underestimated "the amount of slack left in labor and product markets." The Heller message, then, now, always, is that "policy should avoid pulling the economy up too short."

■ Among *Fortune's* 500 largest industrial concerns, 21

had losses last year totaling about \$338 million. The losers included such giants as Chrysler, United Brands, Litton, Singer, Mattel, and Clark Oil. The big newspaper and broadcasting conglomerates, on the other hand, all experienced profits well above the 13.6 per cent median for their fellow big businesses. Profits of the *Washington Post* were 14.1 per cent of stockholder equity, *New York Times* 14.8 per cent, ABC 15.0 per cent, and CBS 19.1 per cent. Among the biggest oil companies, only Exxon matched the CBS profit rate, and oil profits are now falling fast. There is apparently more profit to be made in criticizing the profit system than in providing things like automobiles, appliances, food, rubber, textiles, and transportation.

■ There are now 14 million government employees in the United States, three million of whom work for Uncle Sam. A bill pending in Congress would provide collective bargaining for the 11 million who work for state and local governments. What's wrong with that? Plenty, says James J. Kilpatrick in his syndicated column. "Government is not business. Taxpayers are not voluntary shareholders. Governments are vested with power to provide the vital services and to secure the rights of all people. That power cannot possibly be bargained away to organized labor." Meanwhile, George Meany is facing up to the meaning of it with his usual practicality, saying he was "not worried about anti-strike legislation against public employees any more than I'm worried about anti-strike legislation against private employees."

■ "If I make a mistake I like to say so. I'm a very simple person," said, of all people, Nelson Rockefeller, in explaining why he had apologized to the Senate for the behavior in the filibuster debate that won him the increased enmity of conservatives. Most senators seemed relieved. But the man whom Rocky had refused to recognize, Senator James Allen, first accepted the apology, and then paraleptically told a story that he said he would now stop telling. Rocky, he said, had been his second

Introductions, Please

George Wallace organizes every day,
While Ronald Reagan's running true to form.
I, irritably, nurse "Hip, hip, hooray!"
While each pursues his solitary norm.
Together, they'd produce a thunderstorm;
The Gallups and the Harrises agree.
Or, changing metaphors, were they to "swarm,"
They'd chew away the House of Kennedy.
The termite is a lovely simile:
My dentures simply *yearn* to chew on cue.
I'm tired knitting like Penelope;
To wade in gore! To see the air turn blue!
For heaven's sake, will someone introduce them?
Unless they meet, we never shall unloose them.

W. H. VON DREELE

choice for Veep. Who was his first choice? "Anyone else whose name may have been mentioned."

■ As noted in the last issue of *NR* (see "Conning Barry," May 23), the Ford tacticians are making a major effort to split off conservatives from more rightward possibilities in 1976. That is the tactical content of the designation of Dean Burch, a Goldwater protégé, as head of Ford's preconvention organizational effort. Ford's personal Machiavelli, Mel Laird, also tried to deflect conservatives recently when he opined that, though Ford has the nomination locked up, a contest between Reagan and Rockefeller for the vice presidential nomination would be "interesting." The line of takers for that proposition was not exactly stretching around the block. Meanwhile, despite repeated White House denials, many Washington insiders fully credit behind-the-scenes reports that Ford has told key aides that he does not expect to run in 1976. They also note that the devious Laird was one of the most influential backers of Nelson Rockefeller for the Vice Presidency. Laird will be worth watching, wherever he surfaces, during the coming months.

■ "If we know one thing about the government founded by Ho Chi Minh," wrote Shana Alexander in a recent *Newsweek* column, "it is that its social services are excellent: good health care, day care, and educational programs abound, especially for the poor." Columnist and *NR* contributor John Lofton didn't know this, and in fact didn't believe it. So he called Miss Alexander and asked her how *she* knew. Well, she said snippily, she was "busy typing" just then, and didn't care to discuss "this thing"; he should call her research assistant. So he did. She genially confessed she didn't know exactly where Miss Alexander had got her facts. So he called others: the International Red Cross, the UN's World Health Organization, the State Department. None of them had the foggiest. So he called Vietcong expert Douglas Pike, who called Miss Alexander's assertion "absurd, really," and observed that with a per capita income of \$85 per year, North Vietnam can hardly afford social services for anyone, as North Vietnamese documents themselves admit. So what happened? Most likely Miss Alexander invented her facts in all innocence, reasoning a priori from socialism to social progress. That sort of thing is in the air, and unfortunately her kind outnumbers Mr. Lofton's.

■ Citing the need to make up for time lost in the celebration of May Day, Soviet authorities decreed that Sunday, May 4 would be a day of work. Not coincidentally, the Greek Orthodox Church celebrated Easter on that date. Two hours before services were to start, Soviet police stationed themselves in front of the churches in Moscow and forbade entrance to all but a few old women and foreigners. It is the first time since the Russian Revolution that the Soviets declared the Orthodox feast day a day of work.

■ Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew of Singapore recently appeared on CBS's *Face the Nation*, where he answered questions about the Domino Theory, beginning with: Do you believe in it? "I don't think any country is a domino. If you want to use a figure of speech, I like the idea of smallpox: you come into contact with somebody with smallpox, and if you've got the immunity, chances are you won't get it . . ." Are you immune? "For Singapore alone, I'd say that we are fairly well vaccinated. It's unlikely that we'll get any attack of smallpox, unless of course it's a specially virulent type. And if immediate neighbors fall victims to such a virulent type, then of course we may not have vaccine in time." Which led to the question: Do you see an Asian perception of the United States as a country that betrays and sells out? "I have to be polite," replied Mr. Lee. "I'm your guest."

■ The British journalist Henry Fairlee is a pretty good piece of litmus for the attitudes of the Georgetown political establishment. His most recent book, *The Kennedy Promise*, contains some good insights, but it is also a scathing indictment of the Kennedy Administration and, of course, coincides with the sharp shift of elite opinion against the post-WW II containment-policy liberal establishment (cf. David Halberstam's *The Best and the Brightest*, but also the subtly destructive *Conversations with Kennedy* by Benjamin Bradlee, etc.). Now, in a lengthy *Washington Post* feature Fairlee reads Moynihan out of the club. This is pretty hard on a man who, after all, actively supported Robert Kennedy for the 1968 nomination, and certainly would have worked for him had he been nominated and elected. To boil down Fairlee's long and overwritten anathema, Moynihan is now out a) because he has served three quite different Presidents in high posts, evidence of a presumptive lack of principle (translation: he was altogether too close to Nixon and now has compounded the offense by accepting the job of UN Ambassador from Ford) and b) because "we must recognize how deep his rejection of liberalism goes." In point of fact, Moynihan's intellectual strength has always lain in his willingness to bring fact and experience to bear on liberal velleities, often enough to the embarrassment of the latter. This hardly of Moynihan a Joseph De Maistre makes.

■ How come the same people who warned us not to confuse dissent with disloyalty are now so quick to identify criticism with "recriminations"?

■ In *Legal Notes and Viewpoints*, an attorney named Paul Brownstein recently offered this view of affirmative action programs: "In essence, an employer is asked [sic] to perform a type of self-analysis and self-criticism best known as that which was in use during the so-called 'great cultural revolution' in the People's Republic of China during the 1960s. The employer is requested [sic] to analyze his work force and to state unequivocally where he has failed in achieving true equal employment

opportunity. . . . Once he has condemned himself in this way, the employer is then required to 'confess his sins' and then set corrective action within a specified period of time in order to once again be on the straight path toward equal employment opportunity."

■ In Butte, Montana, U.S. District Judge W.D. Murray has ruled that the draft is unconstitutional, not because the Thirteenth Amendment prohibits slavery and involuntary servitude, but because the Selective Service law is sexist and discriminates against men. It ain't fair if women can't be slaves too.

Vietnam's Military Lesson

The Vietnam War constituted, of course, a conflict on many levels. Not least, it was political. It was at the same time cultural, psychological, and economic—this last, indeed, reflected in the extraordinary behavior of all the indices since 1966. But it was also military. And the entire national experience has profound implications for U.S. military doctrine.

Naturally enough, American public opinion has now turned emotionally against the idea of U.S. troops fighting abroad, short of an obvious threat directed against the homeland itself. The Vietnam trauma has brought to the surface a "nuts to the foreigner" vein of feeling that has always been present in American life. Yet this mood may also encapsulate a profound strategic insight.

It may be well to point out here that pressure will persist, and indeed will increase, as a result of Vietnam, around the perimeter of the non-Communist world. Signs are already visible that the next power play may come across the 38th parallel dividing North Korea from South Korea, where some 42,000 U.S. troops are now stationed, and where we have formal treaty obligations. And when you begin talking about the Korean peninsula, you are also talking about the strategic situation of Japan, only a short distance across the Korea Strait from Pusan. It is clear that a contradiction now exists between U.S. interests and commitments, on the one hand, and the American political will to fulfill them, on the other.

But this contradiction may have a message for us that goes beyond frustration in Vietnam. Is there not a fundamental absurdity involved, sensed by the American people, in sending American troops into prolonged combat with the mass, cheaply produced armies available to our adversaries? It is not only that the numbers available are entirely in our disfavor, but that, to put the matter one way, it costs geometrically more to produce an American soldier, from birth to maturity—even the lowliest product of an American slum—than it costs to produce the illiterate peasant fighter with his meager provisions and his Soviet weapons. The equations are all wrong, and the people probably sense it.

Such considerations, pointed up by our experience in

Indochina, revive a basic strategic question that has been discovered, off and on, since it was first raised by Douet, Billy Mitchell, and Alexander Seversky in the 1920s: May it not follow from this that the United States must operate as primarily an air and sea power? These arms would be brought to bear in support of allies whose ground forces would handle the direct job of ground combat. It is worth noting that with U.S. air support, the North Vietnamese offensive in 1972 was turned back, the countryside becoming a graveyard of Soviet tanks. The Korean peninsula, as indeed experience has shown, provides an ideal theater for the employment of air and sea power. The South Koreans deploy a formidable land army, though they would have to face the latest Soviet weapons supplied, as always, to the Communist side.

An air-sea global strategy would bring to bear natural U.S. strengths: level of education, technological sophistication, a more individualistic and supple ethos, potential decisiveness. It could have many modes, from tactical support on up to the maximum. It would avoid the long drawn-out Communist-style struggle amid exotic terrain. It would also go some distance toward addressing the political problem, since it would signal our various allied and associated regimes around the world that unless they can field a viable ground army, U.S. ships and planes will stay at their bases.

Meanwhile, Back at the Times

Tom Wicker furrowed his brow the other day, and after deploring the ruthlessness of the mass forced march of the Cambodian populace, raised the painful question whether the New Cambodia might not conceivably turn out as bad as places like the United States—or maybe even worse: can the noble goal, he asked, of a "classless, leaderless society of equals, in which no one will exploit or rule anyone else and all will share alike"—can such a goal perhaps lead to evils "at least as great as the human cost of the admittedly corrupt societies of the individual?"

Then Wicker coughed, and shuffled, and answered the question he had posed: "This is a question on which people of different eras and cultures and character have argued endlessly, to which there can be no one certain answer for all." You don't expect little ol' me to resolve what has baffled so many finer minds? Who shall decide when Doctors Mao and Jefferson disagree?

The next day Anthony Lewis chimed in with a denunciation of "cultural arrogance," by which phrase he meant passing adverse judgment on the Khmer Rouge reform movement by measuring it against "Western assumptions." Not once in the entire column did he use the word "Communist." Instead he implied that the U.S. has all along been making war on indigenous Cambodian (and Vietnamese) culture. Apparently he thought that Asians have a long tradition of taking up their hospital beds and marching at the prodding of bayonets.

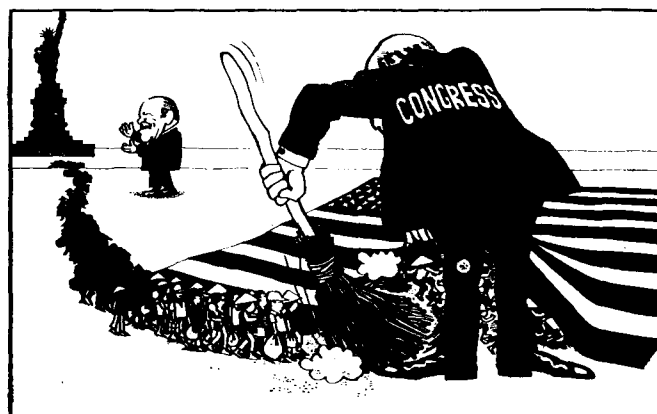
Then came the *Mayaguez* incident, and both of them were fit to be tied. Suspend judgment? Set aside old Western assumptions? Not on your life. "Folly," snapped Lewis of the recovery. "It reflected no general principle of law, diplomacy, or morals that we would really be prepared to follow in other cases. . . . It is impossible to imagine the United States behaving that way toward anyone other than a weak, ruined country of little yellow people who have frustrated us. . . . Big brave stuff. It was indeed Barry Goldwater's vision of America that prevailed last week: a bully among nations, acting without consultation, without concern for facts or principle." For his part, Wicker "raised some questions." But this time he didn't sound so agonizedly uncertain about the answers.

Heat on Wallace

All of a sudden, within the last three weeks as far as the national media are concerned, George Wallace has begun to be perceived as a genuine contender for the Democratic nomination and the Presidency, a "threat," as it is usually put, and as a consequence he is also beginning to be subjected to a newly intense scrutiny. You may take it for granted that the national media are hostile to Wallace, but the scrutiny tends to transcend ideology. It marks the passage from minor to major league, from candidate to major candidate. It destroyed the presidential hopes of George Romney, Edmund Muskie, and, though taking a little longer, George McGovern. Now the testing lens swings around to focus on George Wallace.

It has been widely publicized recently that two months ago—the time lag is significant—during a long and rambling interview with 25 foreign correspondents touring the South under the auspices of USIA, Wallace said a number of flamboyant things, chief among them that "I think we were fighting the wrong people maybe in World War II. . . . The German people were mistreated after World War I. The Versailles Treaty that was imposed on them . . . was a treaty that brought Hitler to power. . . . The Japanese people, in my judgment, were provoked to a certain extent by people, by interests in this country, that helped to bring about Pearl Harbor. . . . What I am saying is that our true foreign policy in those years ought to have been cultivating the friendship of the Japanese and the Germans instead of being antagonistic. . . ."

The full transcript of Wallace's remarks is not yet available, and we are assuming that the published excerpts are substantially accurate. Yet we seem to have enough to say that we see here weaknesses that may prove to be integral to Wallace's strengths. Public men from Charles Lindbergh to A. J. P. Taylor have taken critical and dissident views about the policies that led to British and American involvement in World War II. Diplomatic historians are now focusing on the murky



Trog, *Observer*, London

Rothco

situation preceding Pearl Harbor. But Wallace was not taking this sort of position, which might be called "high dissent."

When he said that we were "fighting the wrong people maybe in World War II," he was saying what has been said innumerable times in bars—and in British pubs—during the years since the war. Wallace was not saying that we should have been fighting England and France and he was not offering a deep view of Nazism or Shin-tism. What he was saying translates into something like the following from the fellow on the next bar-stool or in the neighboring vegetable garden: "When I was stationed in Hamburg after the war I liked those Germans. The Russians are the real bastards. I have a Japanese car."

As always, Wallace was articulating a vein of genuine popular feeling. That is his strength (and his danger). But it was not presidential. Nor was it presidential when Wallace remarked, incorrectly, that the German army had marched through (neutral) Sweden.

Such gaffes can hardly damage Wallace with his core constituency, which, in any case, knows how to "listen" to him. His problem now is to retain his authenticity while remaining, under tough scrutiny, a political big leaguer.

Who's Racist Now?

As Boston reels from this year's busing violence (see also p. 612) and prepares for next year's, a new research study has been published in the *Phi Delta Kappan*, the magazine of a professional educators' fraternity, which supports the claims of the antibusing parents. Not all the evidence is new—Judge Arthur Garrity, who has ordered the busing of 21,000 Boston students next year, up from 14,000 this year, could have been aware of it—but the authors, Grace Bress and Biloine Whiting, have gathered together information made available over the years and call for a "reappraisal of the causes and cures of poor academic performance of minorities" that would lead to "genuine educational solutions far more productive for black achievement than the largely symbolic, political gesture of busing for racial balance."

Stanley Elam, editor of *Phi Delta Kappan*, a magazine which has long supported desegregation, said he didn't fully agree with the study's conclusions, arguing that the 21 years since *Brown v. Board of Education* is "barely enough time to gear up for a social experiment of desegregation/integration's magnitude and potential." The real goal of desegregation, he conceded, was domestic tranquility, not education. Parents have long suspected that busing was in fact just a social experiment at most tenuously concerned with education, but for years have been called racists for saying so. And domestic tranquility, of course, has not resulted. In 1954, improvement in education was the stated goal of *Brown*—but there was no evidence that it would follow busing. It was only a hypothesis, and one that the intervening quarter century has proved to be wrong. Busing became part of the rising expectations syndrome, and the expectations have not materialized. Integration has meant riots, chaos, hostility to intellectual achievement, and white flight. "Mandatory busing," say the authors, "has contributed to the racial and economic segregation of our cities on a scale undreamed of in 1954, to the extent that in many areas there are no longer enough white pupils to integrate. . . . Educators must free their thinking of the racist notion that there is something magical in whiteness—that without it a black or a red or a brown child cannot learn." Color Mesdames Bress and Young racist?

Consumerism and Consumers

"We must forcefully institutionalize the consumer perspective in Washington," says Ralph Nader. The Senate apparently agreed, and passed a bill creating an Agency for Consumer Advocacy with broad discretionary powers to gather information from companies, test products, channel consumer complaints, and speak for the consumer before other federal agencies. This is not the first time that the bureaucracy has been expanded in the name of helping the consumer: in 1969, Virginia Knauer, the President's assistant for consumer affairs, reported that "413 units of the Federal Government were administering 938 consumer-related activities." But the existing agencies have invariably been captured by special interests, say the advocates of the Consumer Advocacy bill, so we need a more powerful agency to protect consumers from all those other agencies that were created to protect consumers.

The new agency, however, would be no less corruptible than all the others, because there is no such thing as a single "consumer interest." Individual consumers have different tastes and requirements, some preferring fashion to function, others preferring to pay less for lower quality, still others preferring slightly cleaner air to a general improvement in material comforts. This leaves the definition of the consumer's interest entirely up to the whim of the new agency's administrator, and to pressure groups that pretend to know what some hypotheti-

cal consumer really wants. Consumer groups can, and often do, represent the special interest of one group of consumers against another. Keeping natural gas prices down, for example, benefits those industries and households that are already hooked up to a secure supply of gas, but their benefit is at the expense of others that are increasingly compelled by the resulting gas shortage to substitute costly imported oil or liquefied gas. Most existing regulatory agencies also promote cross-subsidies, whereby one group of consumers is overcharged in order to provide below cost service to another group. Thus, long distance phone rates are kept high in order to finance below-cost installations, rates on popular airlines' routes are kept high to pay part of the fare for those traveling less popular routes, and so on. By looking at only part of the process, it would be perfectly possible to attack or defend such procedures in the name of "the" consumer, when in fact they benefit some consumers and hurt others.

About the only thing that is not possible under the ambiguous rubric of "consumer interest" is to claim that consumers have no interest at all in the price of labor, which is the dominant part of the cost of most of what we buy, or that consumers have no interest in policies designed to keep the price of food high.

Yet the proposed consumer agency is specifically barred from intervening in labor disputes before the National Labor Relations Board, and can intervene in Department of Agriculture proceedings only if the new agency takes due consideration of "the interests of farmers in maintaining an adequate level of income." The FCC decisions on renewal of broadcast licenses would also be above challenge. So the Consumer Advocacy Agency is corrupt at conception. It has *already* been captured by special interests. And if the House joins the Senate, this Agency, too, will doubtless become more and more corrupt as time passes—just one more device for distributing favors on the basis of political clout.

Grantsmanship

The National Science Foundation has the uncertain honor of having received most of Senator Proxmire's Golden Fleece Awards for the biggest waste of taxpayers' money. In March, there was the senatorial citation for the \$1.2 million in NSF money that had gone to support commercial inventions by MIT students, with the campus and students getting whatever royalties might be forthcoming from such promising creations as an automated banana-peeling machine. Then there was the \$260,000 NSF grant to study passion and how it is labeled, focusing on vital questions like, "How can arousal be best defined?" For daring even to question this one, Proxmire inspired the editorial wrath of the *Washington Post*, the *New York Times*, and *Psychology Today*—all of which suggested that the research in ques-

Reconstruction Comes to Boston

It's sad to see the Irish
Absorbing all the flak
While liberals are leaving
For areas less black.
But Richmond took a beating
And Mobile got the knee;
Now Boston gets a face-lift
Like Washington, D. C.

W. H. VON DREELE

tion might solve all problems of broken homes, unrequited love, and women left standing at the altar: "You don't want to waste government money on the American family," accused the editor of *Psychology Today*, "or on the bonds of love that hold it together."

The media-academic complex defends such "research, or seeks to give the impression that the absurdities are rare exceptions, but a long list of horror stories collected by Senator Proxmire, Edith Green, and the National Taxpayers Union suggest that the problem is more fundamental. Government appears no more qualified to decide what constitutes cost-effective research than to deliver the mail. And there is some hint of scandal. Senator Proxmire finds that more than half of all basic research money granted in the social sciences in fiscal 1973—\$9.34 million—went to the 15 universities with the most representatives on the NSF advisory panel. Twenty universities received almost three-fourths of the loot, four received almost a third, and the situation wasn't much different in the biological sciences. Researchers are not uniquely immune to incentives, and such targeting of taxpayers' money to predominantly liberal East Coast institutions conveys a clear message about how to succeed in academia without really trying. A fascinating research project would be to study the research grants of the National Science Foundation, and many other federal agencies, to see how much money went into studies which were critical of the agencies sponsoring the research.

Recall the Rebate

A few months ago, the Joint Economic Committee came out with a study of the effects of inflation and taxes on three hypothetical families with low, intermediate, and higher incomes (see "The Rich and Non-Rich Get Poorer," *NR*, Feb. 28). After a rather selective reading of this study, *New York Times* columnist Tom Wicker concluded that "the argument for weighting the rebates to the higher brackets is hard to sustain against the evidence showing how much harder low income people have been hit by inflation than have the more affluent." Nobody had actually proposed weighting the rebates in favor of the higher brackets, of course, but only returning a small portion of 1974 taxes in rough proportion

to the amounts paid. To limit the rebate, instead, to households with modest incomes and modest income taxes, as was done, was equivalent to increasing the progressive impact of the tax tables.

The evidence from the Committee report was inherently inconclusive, in that it did not consider what had happened to incomes, but only what would have happened to the cost of living had incomes remained the same. Low income households frequently derive substantial income from government transfers, such as Social Security and food stamps, which have kept well ahead of inflation. Affluent households frequently derive substantial income from invested savings, and the stock market was not especially lavish with its rewards over the past two years.

The U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics has now provided some official figures to replace the Joint Economic Committee estimates. It turns out that the cost of maintaining low, intermediate, and higher budgets rose, between the autumns of 1973 and 1974, by 12.4, 13.5, and 14.2 per cent respectively. Social Security and income taxes alone were \$4,686 for the "higher budget" family of four earning \$20,777; property and sales taxes drained a few thousand more.

We are anxiously awaiting a column from Mr. Wicker in which he will now argue that "the argument for weighting the rebates to the lower brackets is hard to sustain against the evidence showing how much harder middle and high income people have been hit by inflation than the less affluent."

Who Cares About Elections?

Before the April 25 election in Portugal, the leaders of the Armed Forces Movement (AFM)—who are also the country's rulers—stated flatly and repeatedly that the outcome of the election would not be permitted to "alter the course of the revolution"—which, since it began in April 1974, had held steadily toward transformation of Portugal into a totalitarian Marxist state run by a military-Communist alliance. The election proved unambiguously that the overwhelming majority of Portuguese disapprove that course. Only 13 per cent of them (17 per cent if we include the Communist front organization that was on the ballot) voted for the Communists. Only 7 per cent cast the blank ballots that the AFM had suggested. Nevertheless, events since April 25 have been giving daily proof that the AFM is keeping its pre-election promise. The revolution has been pushing rapidly forward on its unaltered course.

Item. One change was made in the ruling Supreme Revolutionary Council. General Narciso Mendes Dias, commander of the air force and politically a moderate, was ousted from both his military command and the Council, and replaced by the radical, Communist-approved General Morais da Silva.

Item. A widespread purge of the air force, reputed the least radical of the services, has started.

Item. To the nationalizations announced in March

HELP WANTED. National Review needs new readers. If you know anyone (friends, relatives or business associates) you think should be reading National Review, use the card facing this page to introduce them to NR *today*. There is no better place for them to find that happy balance to the liberal news media than in NR. Especially *now* during this time of galloping inflation, suffocating taxes, rising crime rates and a potential third party. You can introduce the person of your choice to NR at the special low rate of just \$6.95 for thirteen big issues (six full months). Don't miss this opportunity to do a friend a favor—a favor that may well have a lasting impact on him in the important months to come.

there have been added a new list that includes the cement, tobacco, and cellulose industries and various miscellaneous manufacturers.

Item. The brother of General Galvao de Melo—Galvao won national notice as well as a delegate's seat by campaigning in the April 25 election on an openly anti-Communist platform—was jailed.

Item. The radical, Communist-approved Brigadier Corvalo—who first went public two months ago by announcing that a CIA-supported “Portuguese Liberation Army” was being formed in Spain—was appointed military commander of the Oporto region, the population of which is moderate or even conservative politically, and is arresting members of the Democratic Socialist Center (which got 8 per cent of the April 25 vote) as “terrorists.”

Item. The Communist production workers at the plant of *Republica*, the Socialist Party organ that was the only daily left in Lisbon with a non-Communist policy, seized control. After a night of demonstrations and riots, the elite COPCON troops, acting on AFM orders, closed *Republica* down.

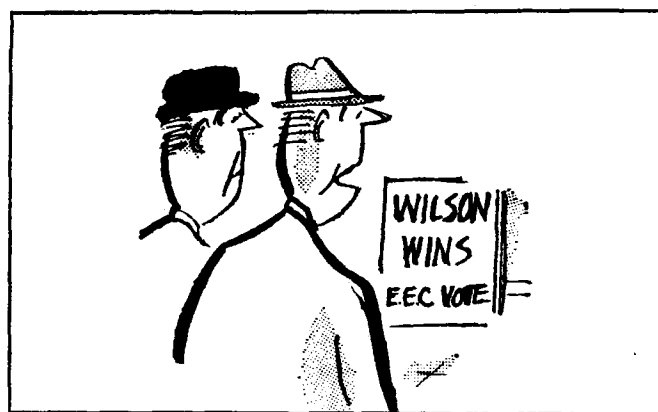
Item. Riotous demonstrators tried to break into the U.S. Embassy in Lisbon, smashed cars of the staff, roughed up staff members, and smeared walls with red swastikas.

Rise in Crime

According to the latest FBI statistics, crimes committed in the United States rose 17 per cent during the past year, and though the familiar problems exist concerning such statistics, the chances are that the 17 per cent figure bears some relationship to reality. And that means, among other things, that “law and order” is once again going to be a national political issue, especially since “high fear” crimes such as rape, murder, assault, and burglary showed a particularly steep rise. One enterprising manufacturer has already brought out a line of bulletproof vests and sportsjackets.

For the past six years, responding to what it perceived as an electoral mandate, the Federal Government has invested heavily in an assortment of programs designed to control crime. And though it could be argued that in the absence of such federal efforts the 17 per cent figure would be still higher, nevertheless a sense of failure is difficult to avoid.

Recommendations concerning the crime problem possess a certain predictability. Radical chic types (Tom Wicker, Garry Wills, et al.) stress the theme of recidivism, and edge toward the recommendation that prisons be virtually abolished since they themselves are a principal source of crime. There is some truth in this latter observation, though it must also be stressed that about 50 per cent of those who do go to prison do not repeat, a figure that strongly qualifies the “crime school” interpretation of prison experience.



Shailo, *London Daily Telegraph*

Rothco

“... with the full-hearted dissent of the Labor party.”

The liberal response is equally predictable: more money and more programs; cf., the *New York Times*: “increase immeasurably [sic] the capacities of urban juvenile justice systems to intervene early, imaginatively, and constructively in the lives of young people headed for trouble.” There might be some mileage in that impulse, and there certainly would be rewards for social workers and so forth, but, though they might “intervene early” and “imaginatively,” the present state of knowledge offers little enough assurance that they would intervene “constructively.” How you identify a potential criminal and just what you do with him to prevent his becoming a criminal remain matters of some mystery.

Psychiatrists, not surprisingly, recommend a vastly expanded psychiatric approach. Karl Menninger, for example, who wrote a book called *The Crime of Punishment*, thinks psychiatric treatment and rehabilitation programs are the answer. But the despised prisons actually have a lower rate of recidivism than do mental hospitals, where some 64 per cent of the patients are rehospitalized within five years. If the psychiatric “cure” in cases of identifiable mental illness remains such a problematic matter, it requires much faith to suppose that psychiatry, in its present state of knowledge, can deal effectively with criminals whose personality disorders are less well defined and for whom there are few known methods of treatment.

The crime-cure recommendations of those who desire gun control can safely be left to the reader’s imagination, as can the recommendations of those who wish to redistribute income, expand the number of federal jobs, eliminate racial discrimination, or promote the consumption of health foods.

Probably the best response to rising crime will be conceptually modest and produce modest but real results. Probable capture and rapid and certain punishment remain the most effective weapons of the law-abiding. Judicial reform designed to produce greater efficiency and speed in the courts would be the single most effective step that could be taken. That is where the thought and the money would best be spent. Beyond such commonsense measures, it would certainly be in-

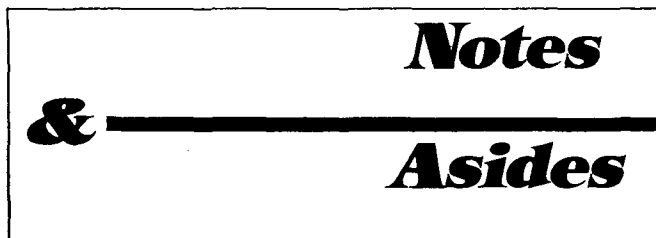
telligent to recognize, in the spirit of Edward C. Banfield's *The Unheavenly City*, that high crime rates, like a good many other nuisances, seem to be part of the reality of modern urban life here and elsewhere.

Hutchins' Center, RIP

For 16 years, the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, founded by Robert Maynard Hutchins, has existed in luxurious isolation on a 43 acre estate overlooking the Pacific at Santa Barbara. It was a fit subject for the attentions of a satirical novelist, but, unfortunately, none came forward. Three times a week, in the morning, a Benedictine bell summoned the resident scholars to "dialogue" in a marble floored edifice on some weighty matter, usually touching upon public affairs. So far as can be discerned, however, these deliberations have had no effect whatever on the intellectual or political life of the Republic.

Until recently the Center has been able to rub along on some \$30 million in tax-exempt and tax-deductible gifts, first from the Ford Foundation via the Fund for the Republic, then from assorted other benefactors. The fellows, often absent from the Center, received up to \$35,000 a year. At 76, founder Hutchins lives in a cottage on the estate as a "life fellow."

But now the \$30 million has run out, and the Center is in trouble. Recently it has been depending on royalties from *The Joy of Sex*, contributed by Alex Comfort, a fellow of the Center, but Comfort has had it. The Center, he says, is run like a "Byzantine harem"—and who should know better than Dr. Comfort how Byzantine harems were run?—and he's pulling out his dough. Unless some big angel badly needs a tax deduction, the Benedictine bell will chime no more.



March 13, 1975

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

A recent column by you about oil policy raises questions about whether some of the policies advocated by you would benefit you personally. The questions are prompted by information contained in the book about you and your family, *The Buckleys*, by Charles L. Markmann. According to Markmann, you and other members of the Buckley family inherited extensive oil interests in this country and abroad.

It isn't clear from Markmann's account whether you have retained an interest in oil holdings and what part you play in enterprises associated with oil. It is possible, in any case, that his information is inaccurate.

As you probably know, the National Conference of Editorial Writers is concerned about the possibility of conflicts of interest by nationally syndicated contributors to editorial pages. The organization believes that editors and readers are entitled to know when writers have interests that could pose a conflict when they write about particular subjects.

It would be helpful to editors in evaluating your writings about oil policy if they had the facts about your financial interests, if any, in oil. Disclosure of this information also would be helpful to the Professional Standards Committee of NCEW in its work in the area of conflicts of interest and syndicates. Your reaction to the above would be appreciated.

Very truly yours,
Gilbert Cranberg

Assistant Editorial Page Editor
Des Moines Register and Tribune

Chairman, Professional Standards
Committee, National Conference
of Editorial Writers

April 16, 1975

Dear Mr. Cranberg:

I find your letter difficult to reply to.

I enclose a column I wrote on the responsibility of a columnist last March. Are you asking me for a financial statement? If it turns out that I have some utility stocks, am I to assume that this fact should be noted when I write about utilities? I would appreciate a more detailed idea of the information you seek.

Yours cordially,
WFB

April 22, 1975

Dear Mr. Buckley:

My letter of March 13 raised the question whether "some of the policies advocated by you would benefit you personally." Specific reference was made to a column by you in March about oil policy, and statements in the book by Charles Markmann alleging that you and other members of the Buckley family have extensive interests in oil.

The March column was critical of congressional committees for voting to end the depletion allowance for old oil. A reader of the Markmann book could wonder whether you would be hurt financially by an end to the depletion allowance. Other oil policies advocated by you also conceivably could be influenced by your financial holdings. That is why I said, "It would be helpful to editors in evaluating your writings about oil policy if they had the facts about your financial interests, if any, in oil."

In your letter of April 16, you ask, "If it turns out that I have some utility stocks, am I to assume that this fact should be noted when I write about utilities?" I believe most editors or readers would not be concerned about the ownership of a few shares of stock. They would be concerned about extensive undisclosed holdings in an enterprise the writer discusses.

Last November, Read Kingsbury of the *Rochester Times-Union* complained about your failure to disclose your corporate connection with an enterprise you discussed in a column. You wrote to Kingsbury, "Your letter satisfies me that the next time around, if such a question should arise, I should compose the necessary sentence or sentences, put them in square brackets, and invite the editor to publish them or not according to his own reading of the ethical situation."

Perhaps such disclosure was called for when you discussed oil policy in your column. Perhaps not. It is not possible to know in the absence of more information. It was that information I sought and hope you will furnish.

Very truly yours,
Gilbert Cranberg

May 20, 1975

Dear Mr. Cranberg:

I have given some thought to your letter, and have decided against divulging the details you desire.

In the first place, the framework of your letter is philosophically shifty. You ask whether "some of the policies" advocated by me would "benefit" me "personally." I should think practically all of them would benefit me personally, inasmuch as I am involved, as a citizen of the United States, in a running struggle on many fronts to secure my freedom. My letter to Read Kingsbury of the *Rochester Times-Union* alluded to a quite unusual situation, namely my official position as Chairman of the Board of a company one of whose subsidiaries published a book about Arthur Goldberg. If I were officially the head of the Committee to Oppose an End to Depletion Allowance on Old Oil, I would advertise the fact. Under the casual circumstances of my connection with oil, I shall not.

You say, "a reader of the Markmann book could wonder whether you would be hurt financially by an end to the depletion allowance." To which assertion I suppose the most relevant commentary is that it doesn't terribly disturb me what the 16 readers of the Markmann book think on the matter. By definition, everyone who has a single share of oil stock is hurt by an end to depletion in the oil allowance. That would cover a half-dozen million people.

Mr. Compassion

From Havana, where he cleared
Cuba's bitches with The Beard,
George McGovern muttered, "*Scram*,"
At the flotsam from Vietnam.
Usually, refugees
Start him jerking at the knees;
Is arthritis coming on?
No. He simply loathed Saigon.

As I reflect on it, it boils down to this: In my writings about oil and policies towards oil have I been in any way ideologically inconsistent? If I have, then the burden is clearly on me to explain that inconsistency. In such an event it would become relevant to probe my personal portfolio, and I invite you to do so. But since the positions I have taken respecting oil and government are, *mutatis mutandis*, identical to those I have taken respecting beef, steel, bananas, and yo-yo's, I decline at this point to satisfy a curiosity that is at best pointless, at worst, intimidating. With all best wishes.

Yours faithfully,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

■ Memo To: All Concerned, which I hope is everyone
From: WFB
Re: My imminent disappearance for thirty days

I plan to sail the Schooner *Cyrano*, beginning at 1000 EDT May 30, from Miami, to Bermuda, to San Miguel (the Azores), to Marbella (in Spain). There I shall leave the boat in the hands of a captain and crew who will hire out the vessel, and themselves, to charter parties in the Mediterranean. The boat will be based in Cap Ferrat, just east of Nice. For information, write to Mrs. Flynn at NATIONAL REVIEW.

During that period I shall be virtually incommunicado, although the ship has an excellent radio telephone for outgoing calls which, I pray, will be few in number. I shall serve as captain and navigator, and if I call to say, "Where am I?" I would appreciate a non-derisory reply, even if it offends the stylistic preferences of my colleagues. I shall write three of my newspaper columns before setting sail (careful readers will note in them a certain detachment from highly contemporary affairs); and then I shall take my two weeks' annual vacation from the column. The three columns for the last week of June prior to our landfall (ETA June 30) will be filed from the Azores. If you detect a sharp shift in my general political position, you may draw the appropriate conclusions about our reception by the Portuguese.

I have been hoping to make such a trip for a very long time. Now the opportunity coincides with the need to transport the vessel to the Mediterranean, and a contract to write a book (with photographs!) about the journey for Macmillan's. It has been a busy winter and spring with, in addition to the usual things, a novel (Doubleday, February), and another collection (Putnam's, September). In November, *NR* will be twenty, and I'll be fifty. It is unsafe to put off things like sailing across the Atlantic forever. For those of you who have been kind enough to express a concern over my physical safety, a reassuring statistic: for \$500, Lloyd's will be giving us a million dollars' insurance. And remember there is always the silver lining. Since our policy is in favor of NATIONAL REVIEW, if the ship goes down, you'll have two entire years without a fund appeal!

—WFB

W. H. VON DREELE

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Watch the Money

THE FIRST RULE for the intelligent spectator at the American political circus is this: Keep your eye on the money. With that in mind, it is possible, already, to see some of the forces that will shape the scramble for the Democratic presidential nomination next year.

Because of the new campaign financing law, the scramble is taking place under rules the consequences of which are unknown. The heart of the matter is this: there are strict, low limits on the amount an individual can contribute to a candidate, and on the amount a candidate can spend in any jurisdiction, and in any primary or general election campaign.

The first and most obvious consequence of the law—I believe it is an intended consequence of a cynically intended law—is to handicap, probably insuperably, marginal candidates—people like Eugene McCarthy in 1968 and George McGovern when he declared his candidacy early in 1971. Such candidates depend, early and for a long time, on very large contributions from a very few true believers, like Stewart Mott, the young heir to a General Motors fortune, who was helpful to McCarthy and McGovern. Julian Bond, the black state legislator from Georgia, wants to run for President in 1976, and probably would be able to have a fair crack at it, were it not for the new law. Bond is just the kind of candidate who needs—and could get—crucial large contributions, if the law permitted them.

What is less apparent and even more important is this: the new law has made almost every potential candidate a marginal candidate by now. This is so because money is more important now than it ever has been. And this is because of the proliferation of primaries, and the reforms in the Democratic Party delegate selection process, which

Capital Issues

GEORGE F. WILL

demand an intensive competition for delegates in more states, and competition extending down to lower levels of the state organizations.

There were 17 primaries when Eisenhower ran in 1952. There were 24 in 1972. At last count there were 28 scheduled for next year. And by the time today's hard-pressed state legislators get done calculating their revenue problems, and consider the revenue generated by a primary (it is said that in years divisible by four the primary is New Hampshire's second largest industry), there may be more than thirty. Primaries cost money. And now raising money costs more than it used to cost. By banning large contributions (over \$1,000), the new law forces candidates to reach out their open hands to large numbers of people. The best way to do this is with direct mail, a costly and arcane act.

Lead Time and Money

The direct mail wizards are the new princes of American politics. One of the best is Morris Dees, who handled McGovern's direct mail appeals, and showed what could be done for even a dreary candidate who had split his party, bungled his vice presidential choice, and was going nowhere. He enabled McGovern to spend more than any candidate in history, with the single exception of Nixon in 1972. That is, McGovern spent more than Nixon spent in his 1968 campaign, which was generally considered lavish. Today Dees is an unpaid advisor to Henry Jackson's direct mail campaign. The first Jackson appeal—a test appeal with a list of unknown quality—made a profit, a remarkable achievement.

Direct mail not only costs money, but requires a long lead-time to prepare a useful list of targets. So, suppose you are Senator Frank Church (D., Idaho). You are fifty, healthy, articulate. You have just been elected to your fourth term; you have impeccable liberal credentials; and you are in charge of the well-publicized Senate investigation of the CIA. You know that none of the liberal candidates—not former Georgia Governor Jimmy Carter, not former Oklahoma Senator Fred Harris, not Arizona Representative Morris Udall—

has caught fire. You are thinking of running for President. You say you'll get started just as soon as the CIA investigation is finished—late fall, maybe November? Too late.

By then it will be too late to gin up a direct mail campaign. It may be too late already. Today there are only two candidates in the field with money machines oiled and purring along—Jackson and Wallace.

Of course Wallace has been running for President almost constantly since 1964, and he is best equipped to cope with life under the new law. During the last 18 months Wallace has spent \$2 million developing a well-tested list of 600,000 reliable contributors. Today a typical Wallace mailing brings in \$700,000. The Wallace operation in Montgomery, Alabama, opens 5,000 envelopes with small contributions every day. Even Wallace, the most gifted fund raiser, spends 57 cents to raise a dollar. But he is so confident that he can raise the \$10 million that the law will let him spend in the preconvention period, he may be the only candidate to pass up federal matching funds, thereby making an issue of being the only candidate not running at taxpayers' expense. Jules Witcover, the superb political reporter for the *Washington Post*, dropped down to watch the Montgomery machine:

"Joe Azbell, a long-time Alabama newspaper reporter and publicist who handles Wallace's advertising and public relations, sat back behind a desk strewn with Wallace 1976 materials, smiled and said: 'We're just a bunch of stupid country boys doing what we can.'"

"As he said it he winked. And as he said it, too, a machine in the next room opened the day's mail, and it went into the sorting room where the enclosed checks are recorded and sent off to the bank. All day, every day."

Because only Wallace and Jackson, and maybe Senator Lloyd Bentsen of Texas, will have enough money to go all the way, the Democratic Left can only hope to keep Jackson from coming to the convention with enough delegates for a first ballot victory, or enough to make a deal with Wallace or Bentsen. Today Jackson is making the running, and the Left is not in the running. □

The Resonance Differential

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

LET US suppose that a group of officers stages a successful coup and assumes control of the government in, well, let us call the nation Ruritania. They took this action, their spokesmen declare, because the old regime had fallen into the hands of Marxists, Communists, atheists, and criminal adventurers who were oppressing the population, wrecking the economy, endangering national security and independence, destroying law, order, and morality, and heading toward a Soviet-style totalitarian dictatorship.

Let us further suppose that after a year of rule by this military junta the situation in Ruritania is as follows:

1) The junta has announced that it will continue to exercise the supreme power for "at least three to five" more years—and that its governing role will not be affected by the outcome of any elections that may be held.

2) The Communist Party, Socialist Party, and other leftwing organizations have been outlawed.

3) Leftist and liberal newspapers and magazines have been suppressed. Public expression of leftist and liberal opinion is forbidden. Attempted gatherings by leftists or liberals are broken up by leftwing militants.

4) Several thousand citizens have been jailed without warrants or formal charges. None of these prisoners has been brought to trial.

5) Many thousands of citizens have taken refuge in other countries.

6) The rate of domestic inflation has risen to one of the highest levels in the world.

7) Unemployment has tripled.

8) A single union organization has been created, to which all workers are required to belong.

9) Strikes have been defined as "economic sabotage" and "counterrevolutionary."

Assuming these as the features of the Ruritanian situation, let us now ask what sort of attitude and response there would be in other nations.

There would be thousands of meetings, conferences, demonstrations, speeches, editorials, columns, sermons, student sit-ins, petitions, pamphlets, and TV specials denouncing the Ruritanian

fascist officers and their infamous violations of all human, civil, and political rights. Eloquent addresses in the name of the suffering Ruritanian workers and peasants would thunder through UN halls. Open letters from writers, artists, professors, and clergymen would appeal to the conscience of mankind. Ad hoc committees would spring up in a dozen countries to demand sanctions against the fascist Ruritanian government, and severance of diplomatic relations. Economists would explain how Ruritania's economic disasters reconfirmed the decline of capitalism. Professorial chairs at the top universities would be offered Ruritanian escapees, and their lecture fees would triple. Amnesty International would condemn the mass torture of Ruritanian dissidents. Murray Kempton, Anthony Lewis, Garry Wills, Harriet Van Horne, and Tom Wicker would have a collective fit. A special issue of *Time* would give In Depth coverage of TERROR IN RURITANIA. Jack Anderson would reveal that CIA had financed the Ruritanian generals.

A Turn of the Prism

Given the Ruritanian situation as I sketched it, all this and plenty more would be as certain as the sun's rising.

It will doubtless have occurred to readers of this page that my Ruritania is not as purely fictional as the Ruritania known and loved by theater audiences. By making one small shift in the prism through which we are looking—interchanging, thereby, Left and Right—Ruritania is perceived to be, in every feature and detail I have enumerated, Portugal of the year just past.

With this prismatic shift to Portugal, however, the attitude and response in other nations is something else again. There hasn't, in fact, been much of any attitude or response since those ecstatic early weeks when all the world hailed the advent of the Carnation Revolution. I stress that I write here with entire sobriety and literalness. Except for a minor fringe sector, the global public opinion apparatus—media plus intellectuals, preachers, professors, college students, politicians, etc.—has not been

upset about what has been going on in Portugal, or even interested: the same apparatus that worked itself into a frenzy over the regime of the Greek colonels, which had many similarities, though it was milder and considerably more successful in economic matters.

The Opinion Fulcrum

The public opinion apparatus is in a state of resonance to the emanations of an assault (real or alleged) from the Right on liberty, democracy, civil and human rights, standard of living, etc., but out of resonance to the emanations from an otherwise identical assault from the Left. Public opinion somehow can't tune in the latter's wave length.

It is ridiculous to keep arguing about whether the media (together with the other reverberators of public opinion) are biased. They are so organically and totally biased that they are not aware of their bias, any more than a healthy man is aware of his breathing and heart beat.

There is one way of perceiving, feeling, judging, and responding to acts of the Left; another way, to the same acts sprung from the Right. But we may narrow the beam of our searchlight. It is not just the Left and Right as large, rather vague entities that determine the response. Closer examination shows that one small, simple factor is decisive: Does the regime suppress the Communist Party? If it does, then—whatever else its conduct and characteristics—it belongs with the Bad Guys and will in due course get the standard treatment from public opinion. And it will get the treatment cubed if it is at the same time friendly to the U.S.

Specifically: If the Portuguese military regime should tomorrow—it is not quite inconceivable—suppress the Portuguese Communist Party, then the day after tomorrow a global campaign, comparable in scale and ferocity to those mounted against the Greek colonels or now in operation against the Chilean military junta, would begin.

There is something of a mystery in these interrelationships. Perhaps, though, it is not as mysterious as we might prefer to find it. □

STOCKHOLM, DECEMBER 1974

SOLZHENITSYN

WELL, HELLO, gentlemen. We have not seen each other for a long, long time. Actually, we have never seen each other . . . for a long time you avoided me, and then I avoided you. But today it is natural that we should get together and talk to our hearts' content.

You avoided me when I was in prison camp, when I lived in exile, when I was an unknown Ryazan school-teacher; and yet that was when I did my main work. But as soon as *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* was published, the correspondents wanted to see me and talk to me. At that point, however, I began, resolutely and persistently, to avoid seeing correspondents. For nine years I stayed away from them completely, without giving a single interview, and I have not given many since then, either.

It is not just a figure of speech when I say that you avoided me for many years. I should like to say that in the Soviet Union today there are many people who could give extremely important interviews. But these people, who are still unknown, do not interest Western correspondents. Borodin, for instance, gave an interview not long ago to some Western correspondents (from Reuters, I think it was), but the agency said: "We don't need your interview. Who is he, anyway?" So they did not print it.

Then there was the case of Svetlana Shramko from Ryazan, about whom I wrote in the *New York Times*. Confined to a psychiatric hospital for combatting air pollution in Ryazan, she succeeded in deceiving her jailers by feigning humility and repentance. . . . She was released. She then went to Moscow and telephoned the *New York Times* correspondent. And he heard a cry from a throat being strangled. Since then she has dropped out of sight. We do not know where she is now being tormented or what they are doing to her, and we may not find out for a long time.

I should like to say that you may be missing the best opportunities, right now, for highly interesting interviews in the Soviet Union—more interesting, perhaps, than an interview with me. Now I will also explain why I avoided correspondents, even though many people understand this without being told. No sooner was *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* published than some agency put this question to me: "What can you say about the way in which



SPEAKS OUT

Khrushchev got out of the Cuban crisis?" How could I, a Ryazan schoolteacher whom no one had heard of until that day, be expected to answer such a question off-the-cuff? . . . Well, of course I avoided answering this question, and many others like it thereafter.

I gave no interviews, although I had more than enough to say, because it would all have gone into the Western press merely to satisfy readers' curiosity. But at home, in the Soviet Union, it would have harmed me. It would have

But when a Soviet person is approached in the street by a foreign correspondent and asked a question, he knows perfectly well that the KGB boys are close behind

interfered with my literary work and with the struggle which persecutions compelled me to wage.

It is strange that some Western correspondents to this day remain unaware of this situation. For instance, during the summer of the year when Nixon was in Moscow I listened to the Voice of America and heard the correspondents say: "We walked in the street and began asking ordinary Soviet citizens what they thought of Nixon's visit and of detente." I don't know what this is—naïveté or cynicism? You can walk through the streets of Western cities asking ordinary people for their opinions, and they will reply. But when a Soviet person is approached in the street by a foreign correspondent and asked a question, he knows perfectly well that the KGB boys are close behind, and that, as soon as the correspondent disappears, they will grab him then and there if he did not answer properly. . . . All the correspondents want is to collect opinions, even though they realize that nobody gives them his opinions and that they are not getting the truth.

Of course, there are always people in the Soviet Union, so-called dissidents, who cross the line where they begin to speak openly. If you ask such people a question you will get a truthful reply. Just make sure that the person you are questioning has indeed crossed that forbidden line.

Q: What can you say about the fate of Raoul Wallenberg? Did you hear about him when you were in the camps?

A: No, I heard nothing of him when I was a prisoner, or for many years after that. This just shows how vast is the Gulag Archipelago, and how many hidden places it contains. There are many such secret places, where prisoners are isolated forever, where no word ever trickles out, so that no one will know about these people.

I happened to meet another Scandinavian who called himself Erik Arvid Andersen. When I tried to find out something about him here in Sweden, and to learn who his relatives are, I came across the Wallenberg story.

Yesterday I saw Wallenberg's mother. It was heartbreaking to see this old lady, who has been waiting for her son for 29 years. Please weigh and consider the full meaning of what I am saying—29 years! Wallenberg was arrested at almost the same time as I was. I served my entire sentence, both imprisonment and exile, was set free for a number of years, as you know from my published writings. . . .

But this man has been in prison for 29 years and is still there today! Nor is he the only one like that in the Soviet Union. Many who were sentenced to 25 years at the end of the war are still in confinement. Some have been imprisoned since 1947 or since 1939, and their sentences are even extended.

A whole epoch has passed since that time. People whose arrest somewhere in Africa was written about by leaders of national movements have long since been freed, have become presidents of their countries, have been running their governments for decades, have left office or been overthrown. . . . Generation after generation has been written up in the press: so-and-so is in prison, so-and-so is being tormented. . . . They have all long since been liberated, but our people are still in prison.

Wallenberg's mother has information on who was in prison with her son, and when. I do not for a minute doubt the authenticity of her data. In the Gulag Archipelago, if a man said he was in prison with someone else, that is the truth. Fourteen witnesses are listed here, and it is evident that he has been kept in secret confinement, but occasionally someone or other saw him briefly and this is how the information seeped out.

But here is the difference: if a man is arrested in the West or in the Third World, it is open knowledge in what prison he is held and how he is being treated. We can even see him photographed behind the bars, this is often permitted. But Wallenberg is in a Soviet prison, so all we have is this kind of indirect testimony from people some of whom conceal their identity either because they are still in Eastern Europe or because they have relatives there. . . . And so, since they are all so well hidden in Russia, since prisoners are so well concealed and kept incommunicado, no one tries to free them; I have heard that your Prime Minister [Olof Palme] considers that there is too little information to justify spoiling relations with the Soviet Union on account of Wallenberg.

Here in Sweden I have been told of other cases—the disappearance of Swedish sailors and fishermen in the Baltic Sea during the immediate postwar period. They vanished silently, without a trace, apparently into the Soviet Union, and no one tries to defend them or to get them out.

Western governments as much as say: lock them up tight and keep them out of sight; we will liberate anyone who is not securely held, but if you have a good grip on their throats, go ahead and throttle them, we're not going to free them.

NOW HERE is an amazing story. Wallenberg's mother is currently in correspondence with a certain Yefim Moshinsky, the former KGB captain who arrested Wallenberg. Now in Israel, he tells of what a nice man Wallenberg was, the man he was ordered to arrest. Ordered to arrest a Swedish diplomat! Well, all right. The State Security captain summoned him amicably from the Embassy, drove off with him in his car, then arrested him. Wallenberg was then sent from one Soviet secret prison to the next.

In order to avoid trouble over Wallenberg, Soviet authorities falsified the records as follows: a certificate was allegedly found at the Lubyanka prison in 1957 stating that he had died in 1947, and they tried to close the case in this fashion.

However, much of the information in the possession of Wallenberg's mother dates from later, and even very recent times . . . from fellow prisoners who said he was still alive in 1970. He is now 62 years old. We must hurry, hurry to have him released. What is needed for that is a powerful public opinion movement able to force your government and other governments to save this man. And here I think that Jewish world opinion could be very helpful. Here is why I say this: you probably know that Wallenberg, as an official of the Swedish embassy in Budapest, rescued Jews from death by getting them out to the West. According to the data, he saved over twenty thousand Jews in this manner, and I think that Jewish public opinion, which has been so effective in defending Jewish people in the Soviet Union imprisoned for one, three, or five years, could come out strongly for Wallenberg and save him.

Q: What is your attitude toward the activities of Amnesty International?

A: The organization is nobly conceived and supposedly impartial. However, precisely because of the total inequality existing between the East and the rest of the world in the number of prisoners and in the treatment accorded them, the equality which Amnesty International wishes to observe is an erroneous and illusory equality. . . . They want to offend nobody. Each group defends someone in the West, someone in the East, and someone in the Third World. But the initial conditions are so unequal that this equality is in fact an illusion. They know everything about those few Western or Third World prisoners, including their

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daily diet, whether or not the cells are lighted, and they have photographs taken of them behind bars. All of this is known. But of Eastern prisoners they know nothing, though they are a hundred times more numerous. What kind of equality is that, how can they be weighed in the same scales?

Yesterday I went to an Amnesty International exhibition. Many portraits of imprisoned Soviet dissenters seemed to be on display. But it turned out that these portraits were repeated, like a pattern. There were forty portraits on display, but they represented only five or six people. . . . We looked to see whose pictures they were. The majority were of people who had already served their sentences and been released: Marchenko, Ginzburg, Sinyavsky, Grigorenko. Because these names are already known, their photographs are available. But there are almost no photographs of those who are now in prison, who are now being throttled. So there is no equality here. The system of equality which Amnesty International seeks to carry out is in reality a cruel self-deception.

The world gets the impression that this is an organization which worries about everybody. But in practice it cannot

do anything for our prisoners, as it knows almost nothing about them; its activities cover only a small fraction of them.

Q: In your opinion Western-style democracy is not suitable for Russia. Why not?

A: This, gentlemen, is a perfect example of how hastily and superficially the press oversimplifies people's views, including their published statements. Today, when we touch on serious questions, I would particularly like to request that, if you are not able to report accurately and fully, you should say nothing at all. In my "Letter to the Soviet Leaders," which was almost completely misunderstood in the West, I did not say that Western democracy is entirely unsuited to Russia. I made no such statement. I only said that in Russia, and I mean right now, we are not only not ready for it, but we are less ready than we were in 1917. Yet in 1917, when we were more ready, when we had had 12 years of parliamentary experience after all . . . in 1917 we were still so unprepared that this led to an exhausting civil war and to the rise of a totalitarian state.

AFTER THE upheavals our country has suffered, any evolution must be smooth, without sudden disruptions, since that would mean the slaughter of tens of millions more of our people. Cyberneticist Mikhail Agursky writes that the transition, or future development in Russia in the direction of democracy, must proceed under conditions of strong authority, and he is right. If democracy is proclaimed all of a sudden, a destructive war will break out between nationality groups. This will wipe out democracy instantly, and millions will perish, but not for democracy; it would just be a war between nationalities.

I am not against democracy as such, and I am not against democracy in Russia, I am for good democracy. And I want to see us, in Russia, move toward it in a slow, smooth, and cautious manner.

Q: Do you believe in the possibility of any form of Communism at all?

A: As the West began to learn more about the true state of events in the Soviet Union, Westerners, particularly those close to Communist circles, created myths and legends to fit the picture. The first such legend took shape after the Twentieth Party Congress. Somehow, those who had acclaimed our executioners and applauded our humiliations had to save their positions. So they thought up the theory that Stalin had spoiled everything. He was said to have established false socialism. If only we had genuine socialism!

In the Soviet Union today a small group of old Bolsheviks is trying to defend this same view. Its spokesman is Roy Medvedev, a relatively young man whose father died in prison camp under that same Communism—no, under Stalin's false socialism. These people do not specify what genuine socialism should be, they only say that the other was bad and this would be good.

Roy Medvedev wrote a huge thick volume entitled *Let History Judge*, tracing the Stalinist period—well, basically, what happened in the Party and to the Bolsheviks. The kind of things you find in this volume, what astounding assertions! The Western press, sympathetic with his conclusions,

refers to this book as a scholarly work. I can find no sign of science or scholarship in it. It is a narrowly partisan piece of political journalism . . .

Reviewing "A Letter to the Soviet Leaders" and trying to save the day for Soviet Marxists, Medvedev thought of this way out: in the USSR they need "a new socialist party, free from responsibility for the crimes of the past." That is, one party having already slaughtered sixty million people, its hands can no longer be washed clean, so let's form another one and start all over again. Roy Medvedev's "re-birth of Marxism" is about the same thing as if a journalist in Germany were to try to prove today that Hitler's theory was correct and only its execution unsuccessful. Rather than parrot words like "social democracy," words which are a joke in the Soviet Union, or suggest, as the Soviet papers do, "enlarging the prerogatives of local agencies," he should publicly and honestly answer this question: *in the Soviet Union now*, is it or is it not necessary to destroy the system of *falsehood*, which spins its web around the lives and souls of everyone in the Soviet Union?

But the Marxists cannot admit that our dreary propaganda is a lie.

MEDVEDEV'S BOOK claims to be a work of "purified Marxism," but in 1,400 pages it presents the theory that everything would have gone well but for the evil character of Stalin, and because of the evil character of Stalin history went wrong.

This can be said by a non-Marxist author who attributes great significance to the role of personality. But if a Marxist says such a thing, he draws a line through his work from the beginning to the end.

Out of sympathy for his views, the Western leftist press calls Roy Medvedev a scholar and a historian, no less. For this book to be a scholarly work, it would have to be structured differently: the author would have to take the initial propositions of Lenin with which the October Revolution began. Let me remind you of the propositions Lenin started out with—they are the *Lessons of the Paris Commune*. Lenin there says that the Paris Commune perished because it did not destroy its enemies en masse; that to win, the proletariat must annihilate its enemies on a mass scale.

Well, Lenin has many such propositions. That, furthermore, was the concrete Russian situation in 1917. Whoever wishes to prove that the Soviet system is not socialism but rather Stalinist false socialism must prove that, proceeding from Leninist principles and from the concrete situation of Russia in 1917, it would have been possible to build socialism *without* wholesale plundering of the peasantry, *without* subjugation of the working class, *without* introducing mass slavery, and *without* terror. Then I would take off my hat and bow to such a scientific study. But neither Roy Medvedev—nor any Communist theoretician in the world—can demonstrate that.

What is more—and I am afraid I am taking too much of your time—it is clear that all of the principal measures against the people were carried out by *Lenin*, and not by Stalin. Lenin never dropped violence and terror as fundamental methods of his program: "Dictatorship is state power supported directly by violence." It was Lenin, not Stalin, who took the land away from the peasants in 1922. Lenin deceived the workers by not letting them manage the fac-

tories. Lenin set up the concentration camps and the Cheka's hangman courts. He used military force to subdue outlying regions and to suppress peasant uprisings; he *totally* destroyed the nobility, the clergy, and the merchant class; and he harnessed the trade unions to the service of the state. The whole high-pitched, atheistic campaign which, as Agursky has shown, was the pivotal point of collectivization was created by Lenin and Trotsky. Trotsky, too, gave Stalin some ideas: compulsory labor armies (the prototype of Gulag), superindustrialization and suppression of the vital needs of the population, oppression of the peasantry as the main internal enemy, the "tightening of the screws" on the unions. The only thing that Stalin did on his own was to play havoc with his Party, which is the only thing they curse him for. But Stalin took this road precisely in order to carry out Lenin's testamentary commands.

The weak point in the argument of those who claim that Stalinism was false socialism is passed over in silence. The question is: right now, today, under the present leadership, what is it: true, or false, socialism?

But in recent years, as too much was being revealed about Lenin, I noticed a new theory, a new legend in the West. First they gave up Stalin and defended Lenin. Today it is difficult to defend Lenin, so they are giving him up and retreating to the next line of trenches, where they defend Marx. But if you read Marx attentively you will there find Leninist formulations and tactics already completely outlined, with repeated calls for terror, violence, and the forceful seizure of power. Marx: "Reforms are a sign of weakness." "The movement for reforms in England was an error." "Democracy is more terrible than monarchy or aristocracy." "Political freedom is false freedom, worse than the worst form of slavery." "Given universal suffrage, revolution hasn't got a chance."

Marx writes to Engels: "Looking in the future I see something for us [i.e., for Marx and Engels] that will smell strongly of high treason." And very often they write: "After coming to power—terror. It is necessary to execute,

There is a dangerous tendency to cover up problems of life and death inside the Soviet Union by overplaying the emigration issue

to repeat the year 1793." After the takeover "they will begin to regard us as monsters—but we don't give a damn."

Now what does 1793 mean? We don't stop to think about it now, because it was all so long ago. I can sum up in two sentences what Marx and Engels found so thrilling about 1793: Marat and his "Draft Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen": "Man has a right to appropriate to himself everything he needs for food, for his keep, and for happiness . . . Man has the right to snatch away from others not only what is surplus, but what is necessary . . . Man has the right to slaughter his neighbor and to devour his trembling body." It is no accident that Lenin never ceased to be delighted by Marx and Engels right up to his death, nor mere chance that Marx and Engels were thrilled by the French Revolution.



The French and October Revolutions have this profound similarity: they were both *ideological*; and they did not annihilate people haphazardly but on the ground of *ideology*.

Now, to answer the question that was put to me, I had to reply at length because we have to go very far back before Stalin. The book seven of us have just compiled, *From under the Rubble*, contains an article on socialism by Igor Shafarevich (who is still a member of the Soviet Academy of Sciences although he is also a member of the Human Rights Committee). This article examines the progress of socialist ideas and socialist states from Plato to Marcuse . . . Soon his book *Socialism* will come out in the West. There it will be possible to read all this in detail.

So, when they gave up Lenin or began to give him up, they created this myth that Lenin became the victim of the Russian tradition—as much as to say, Russia being what it is, things could not have turned out differently, but we will change all that. But no! The whole trouble lies in the *roots* of this doctrine; this doctrine could not bear other fruits than those it actually bore. . . .

Now here is a little additional question: How do I evaluate Roy Medvedev's critique of *Gulag Archipelago*? Roy Medvedev comes out with a short review, immediately translated into several languages, to get in ahead of the appearance of my book . . . and thereby to neutralize it. This is in the Soviet tradition: a book into which a lifetime or decades of work have been invested is commented upon by some journalist or other, who bats out an article in a couple of days and hits you over the head with a big club. Amazing that in the West this should be called a "dialogue"! A book has been written which contains the testimony of hundreds of people, which contains the work of an artist, and the journalistic reply is: "No, not like that, he doesn't quite understand, he has not yet grown sufficiently in stature to understand great ideas . . ."

Strictly speaking, Roy Medvedev came out against *Archipelago* (although he does say some things in its favor) essentially because he has to save Lenin and the Communist idea; he has to defend those same old Bolsheviks who went on helping the machine of oppression destroy others, right

up to the very day when they themselves were unexpectedly arrested and imprisoned. He now calls them victims, the standard-bearers of public justice. But the question arises: if the victim helps the executioner up to the very last minute, giving him others to slaughter and holding the axe for him, to what extent is he a victim and to what extent an executioner? To this day, Medvedev praises the executioners: Peters, Latsis, Dzerzhinsky, Menzhinsky. He calls the shooting of one boy a "legend," whereas for years in our country people from the age of 12 on were lawfully shot, in accordance with the penal code. In Chapter II of Part 3 [of *Gulag*] I undertake a comprehensive investigation of the principles guiding the behavior of these "well-intentioned persons" in the camps, and I show that they *could not* have behaved otherwise, behaved more decently, and still have preserved their Marxist ideology. Medvedev does not even try to answer these irrefutable conclusions; he simply skirts them.

The term "dissident" or "dissenter" is used in the USSR with reference to those who express themselves outside of the official press. One must be careful in using this term, one might use it more accurately. In the precise sense of the word, Roy Medvedev does not belong to the dissidents in the USSR, he is not threatened personally by anyone, because by and large he is defending the regime in the best possible way—more cleverly and flexibly than the official press would be able to do.

Q: Did you see the movie versions of *Ivan Denisovich* and *The First Circle*? What do you think of them?

A: Yes, I saw both. *The First Circle* is a distorted film. . . . All of the roles, particularly the main characters, are twisted and confused. The basic moral problem of ideological tyranny is underplayed. There are many coarse elements, particularly of an erotic nature, which are totally absent from the novel.

Ivan Denisovich, on the other hand, is a good, quite honest film, but it lacks Russian color.

Q: What role can Western radio broadcasts in Russian play in aiding dissenters? How, in word and deed, can one help victims of Soviet persecution? What opposition forces exist in the USSR and what are their chances of changing the system in the near future?

A: In the Soviet Union we find great support in every word that is broadcast from the West in Russian, and in every item that appears in the Western press. The problem is the need for more information, for, I repeat, we cannot even find out about the majority of the victims of oppression. Sometimes their names are known, but the correspondents get tired of them and begin to forget. Ogurtsov, for example, was thrown into a psychiatric hospital after eight years' imprisonment, but everyone got tired of talking about him, and the whole world knows that he is being destroyed. Some of the Ukrainians—Karavansky, Shukhevych, Sverstyuk, and many others—have been imprisoned for close to 25 years. Now Osipov has been arrested for trying to publish a legal magazine that does not oppose the government. His friend Borodin immediately gave an interview on the subject of these persecutions but the news agency was not interested.

There is a dangerous tendency to cover up problems of life and death inside the Soviet Union by overplaying the emigration issue. Emigration will go on; the Soviets will

even expel people by force. As a consequence of this, Russian culture is in the process of emigrating. My friend Shafarevich spoke about this at his press conference in Moscow last November. This was done in an attempt to stop the Russian cultural exodus, since genuine Russian cultural development can only take place at home, on Russian soil. Those who leave may try to participate in it, may make their contribution, but the true fate of Russian culture will nonetheless be decided in our homeland.

I think that the Soviet authorities will not rid themselves of dissidents by means of compulsory emigration, and they will not solve this problem in a way that is to their advantage. And as to how the social situation in the Soviet Union can be changed, there are, of course, various opinions. I consider the most promising possibility to be a moral revolution, which I have spoken about.

Here a correspondent has an objection: "This method is not understood in the West." In my opinion, the age of violent revolutions has come to an end throughout the world. *Physically violent revolutions* have never solved any problems; they only confused the situation and made it worse. Therefore I regard a *moral revolution* as a solution, not only for the East, but for the West as well. I cannot say anything concrete as to just how to apply this concept to the West, but in "Not to Live a Lie" I have applied it to my own country. And I think that if this method is propagated it will kill ideology in the Soviet Union and thereby change the whole situation.

SOME ITALIAN journalists have asked about the book by my first wife, Reshetovskaya, which was published in Italy. I have read the book in Russian, and I can say that it is simply not about me. It is about some person whom the KGB has dreamed up in my stead. This book is part of the campaign against me that was begun after the publication of the *Archipelago*, somehow to belittle it, to lessen the significance of the *Archipelago*. But it is surprising how little the KGB has achieved toward this end. They got a school friend to testify against me, and I know that they are working others over to do the same thing. But they have been unsuccessful. For two years they have been pressuring Razhas Janos to make statements against me, but without any luck. I mention his name so that it will be known, just in case. He is a very nice and kind young Hungarian (not so young any more) who was a fellow prisoner in the Special Camp; I write about him in the third volume of the *Archipelago*. He lives in the depths of the Hungarian provinces, where they are trying to pressure him into providing some kind of evidence against me. They first sent my former wife to him, then a representative of APN (the Agit-Prop Administration) and the KGB, and finally the local customs people were put to work on him. Well, he has still not made any statement.

We can imagine the tough spot in which such solitary fools find themselves, when they could ease their situation by giving the necessary evidence to the KGB—and yet they don't.

Q: Do you plan to live in the West permanently?

A: No, I do not. I live in constant awareness of my desire to return to Russia, and I know that I will go back. Here we have a constant feeling of nostalgia, of not belong-

ing, and we are conscious of the violence that has been done to us. Even my little boys are beginning to understand this in their young minds.

Q: What do you consider to be your greatest accomplishment since you came to the West?

A: I consider my main accomplishment to have been my success in working and writing despite interference from all the people who wanted to see me or correspond with me. When I was in the Soviet Union I was in great danger, and only my close friends came to see me. Here they come out of plain curiosity, not writing or dropping in, but just hanging around out in the street. In practice, this is how things are in my family: we have no time to open all the correspondence and sort it out, to see who is writing and about what. Even if I stopped all other work, I couldn't handle all the mail.

Not to speak of books! At first they sent me books by the hundreds, then by the dozens. And a letter along with each book. Books in all sorts of foreign languages. I only read in two languages. If I began to read all those books I would drown—there's a huge, huge mountain of them in my house, spread all over the place.

Q: Why do you isolate yourself in Zurich? Why do you keep the door shut, why don't you answer the bell or the telephone?

A: . . . Self-defense. If I want to remain a writer I can not devote my life to socializing and correspondence. When I first came here I was even approached by *agents provocateurs* from the KGB. But the majority were honest people, on their way through town or coming especially to see me, to chat for an hour with me. Whoever felt like it came barging in—all except the people of Zurich, who respect my privacy. I work 14 hours a day, which leaves me no time for conversation or letter-writing. In the evening I prepare what I will need in the morning. I read what I have to read. And there is not time, physically, for anything else.

Q: You have uttered severe criticism of the Soviet system. What do you find in it that is positive?

A: Really, in the situation I was in, and for anyone in his own situation, one first notices and is troubled by the shortcomings of the social system. I would make a distinction between the *system* and the *society*. Look, I would liken this to a fraction, with the system on top, pressing down on the society. It is hard for me to say anything positive about the system. If the system gives anything to its citizens, then that is only because it would be ashamed not to. We have so-called free public education and free public health service, but all that is so very bureaucratic, so cramped and of such poor quality, because the people who work in these systems are so poorly paid. Yes, public health is free, but it is set up so that from the Kremlin on down every organization, every one, all the petty Party chiefs . . . all try to separate their medicine, to be treated in special fashion. And every person who has a chance to be treated privately will try to get private treatment, since the help he gets from the public health service is of the worst quality. Not because the doctors are bad, but because they lack facilities. They must take nine patients an hour, sometimes for minor operations or serious examinations. But that is how it has to be under that system, as the system is directed *against*

the individual. It is directed at cutting down all that is finest and highest in humanity, in the human being. But here, since I came to the West, it is interesting what I have noticed . . . I have observed this: in our *society* the relationships between people—this may surprise you—are warmer, more sincere, more unselfish than here . . . I think this is partly because everyone in the West is free to arrange his own life. And, with the decline of the religious principles on which Western society was founded, this leads to intensified activity by each person on his own behalf. Western man is placed in a troubling environment. . . . In their tense struggle and competition people sometimes busy themselves too much with material matters, think too much about their narrow interests rather than about everybody, about society. . . . There exists a general superficial politeness, a high courtesy, but underneath that courtesy there is often, though not always, a marked dryness. But in *our* society the situation is like this. You can't strike. You can't get a pay raise, even if you smash your head against the wall. Man's role in his own life is small. There are fewer opportunities by far, and there is not this apprehension that if you are less active you will miss out on something. Somehow life goes

The system is directed against the individual. It is directed at cutting down all that is finest and highest in humanity, in the human being

on over your head, and you can even shut yourself off from it halfway. And this creates a space of time and soul for other kinds of non-material concerns.

Q: How do you feel about translators?

A: That is one of my main concerns in the West. Some of the translations of my books are terrible; sometimes no good translators are available, or the translator is underpaid. . . . In the USSR, creative freedom is crushed to the point where all of the better writers have gone into translating. This translation work, furthermore, is well paid. That is why there are no better translations in the world than those made from Western languages into the languages of the Soviet Union. Here, however, the publisher looks for the cheapest translator. And who works for less money? He who is less good. Even a good translator is paid so little that he must work fast in order to live. For this reason books written in a poor or average style lose almost nothing in translation. But books that are written in an original and difficult style lose everything. I am now trying to protect the interests of the translators, by seeing to it that those who translate my works are better remunerated.

Q: To judge by statements in your writings, you adhere to a socialist world view?

A: That is wrong. If you analyze carefully what I have written you will see that I have no socialist philosophy. It stands to reason that in the Soviet Union I had to be careful and express myself as indirectly as possible. But as the years passed and my books appeared here, the Western press and Western critics were eager to see me as a socialist, to

save the socialist idea. . . . There can be no moral form of socialism. As Academician Shafarevich clearly shows in his studies, ethical principles not only are not inherent in socialism, but are opposed to it.

Q: On occasion you have defended Czarist Russia. Do you consider that regime to have been superior to the Soviet system?

A: In *The Gulag Archipelago* I made several comparisons between those two regimes, those two state systems, and in the third volume this comparison will be continued. The two systems are not comparable, as they represent two different orders. The Czarist regime belonged to the order of authoritarian systems which existed in all countries for many centuries. But the Soviet regime is part of the order of totalitarian ideological systems which have risen in the twentieth century, bringing unheard-of pressure and fear to bear on the individual. These systems annihilate people in vast numbers, and they destroy our souls as well. They aim at the subjugation of the soul as well as of the body.

Q: What are your ideas on a religious renewal of the contemporary world, East and West?

A: I insist that the problems of the West are not political. They are psychological and moral. When dissatisfaction with government is expressed, it should be understood not in terms of political failure but in terms of weakened religious and ethical foundations of modern society. Such economic problems as inflation—not as it existed after the civil war in Russia or after the First World War in Germany, when hunger was the issue, but inflation in the midst of plenty—are not economic problems but rather psychological and moral. I am convinced that the only salvation for the East, and also for the West, which is also in a dangerous situation, lies in a moral and religious rebirth.

I should mention that I disagree with my good friend Heinrich Böll on many specific questions having to do with the contemporary situation. And on this point our views differ completely.

Q: In his letter on the occasion of the 26th anniversary of the Declaration of the Rights of Man, Andrei Sakharov mentions the ethical aspects of your struggle. May this be regarded as indicating a rapprochement between his views and yours?

A: Andrei Dmitriyevich Sakharov and I have much in common. I did not reply to his objections to my arguments, as I was waiting for *From under the Rubble* to appear with the basic questions set forth on a much higher level than was possible for me to do in my "Letter to the Soviet Leaders." In *Kontinent* (No. 2) I have answered Sakharov's critique. In fact, I have expressed the hope that our views will gradually come closer together.

Q: Mr. Solzhenitsyn, are you a Christian?

A: Well, I think that question is even clearer from my books than the one asked here about a socialist world view. □

Translated by Albert and Tanya Schmidt from the Russian as printed in *Russian Thought*, January 16, 1975.

IT IS YOUR DECISION. Would you like a drug freely and legally available that, among other things, a) causes deterioration of short term memory; b) produces a 38 per cent drop in metabolism of the neurotransmitters in the brain; c) causes severe systemic damage; and d), according to extensive documentation, precipitates grave anti-social behavior. Well, you've got it and, of course, it's booze.

It is estimated that there are between nine and twenty million alcoholics in the country and that alcoholism costs society every year roughly \$20 billion. Even in the face of this, of course, no one seriously proposes controlling it—that idea having fallen on its face in the Twenties. So the question becomes, should society sanction yet another pleasure drug, which new and clear evidence indicates is biologically and psychologically damaging to mind and body, namely marijuana and hashish? It is a difficult question not only because the cultural imperative of the last few years has been to accept it freely, but also because of the deeper issue of private versus public controls on our private and personal habits. But let us examine the evidence against marijuana.

The story of the emergence of the data against pot is almost as fascinating as the scientific facts themselves. In the late Sixties and early Seventies, we were bombarded with the conclusions of psychologists and sociologists most of whom maintained that there was nothing dangerous in smoking grass moderately. Indeed it was widely held that there was less cost to the body from pot than from alcohol. Along with this came the psychological offensive, which argued that the mind reached a new serenity fueled by pot, and perhaps even an expanded self-expression. Smoking pot became an anti-Establishment symbol, even chic. All this has come and gone. But the consolidated picture is a pot-smoking America. Grass is regularly consumed by millions. In universities, it was, and is, everywhere, with both faculty and students actively using it and proselytizing for it. Most college officials have abandoned any attempt at control.

It was in this context that the first studies were done, and it is fascinating

Mr. Gazzaniga has written Bisected Brain and a textbook Fundamentals of Psychology.

STUDYING THE STUDIES

The Marijuana Business

MICHAEL GAZZANIGA

to consider the events in retrospect. Many highly reputable scientists took pot into the lab and carried out a variety of experiments. These studies were published in highly reputable places, and a vast majority of them left the impression that pot was not harmful to body or spirit. But today, newly discovered data, added to the old data against pot now organized and collected, appear to make a persuasive case that there are indeed biological costs in smoking marijuana. From this new perspective, clues and data can be retraced in the old studies which should have prompted the authors to show more caution before drawing their conclusions. But scientists are not insulated from the lure of social fact.

Some of the Dangers

Specifically, what can pot and hash do to you? To quote the summary from *Science* magazine, the main publication of the American scientific community, it "may cause chromosome damage that can affect the user's health, may cause destruction of cellular metabolism including synthesis of DNA, and may interfere with the functioning of the immune system; may mimic hormones or act on hormonal regulators to produce a variety of effects ranging from impotence and temporary sterility to the development of female-like breasts in men; is, with heavy use, severely debilitating to the bronchial tract and lungs; causes sharp personality changes that lead to a marked deterioration in what is normally considered good mental health; and, most important, may cause potentially irreversible brain damage."

Quite a list. But where, incidentally, did *Science*, a truly responsible journal, get its information? Senator James Eastland, presiding over the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security, brought it together. Eastland called 25 scientists, each of whom presented his case. Most were admittedly against pot—that is why Eastland convened the meeting: he

felt that the anti-pot story had never been properly told. Then Eastland had their reports distributed in packets and *Science*, obviously, was one of the recipients. Yet, in a two-issue story against pot, the Eastland Subcommittee was never mentioned as the source of the new-found scholarship. Maybe the editors were superwise: they may have thought that if they revealed who pulled the reports together, no one in the academic community would read them seriously. And that would be a serious mistake.

My own reading of the Eastland papers leaves me clearly convinced there is a cost to pot, but I found only six or seven of the papers rigorous. In particular, the studies on cannabis (the generic name for marijuana and the ten-times-more-powerful hashish), and on biological systems are worth special attention. It is, incidentally, important to note from the start that there are three components of cannabis with which the scientists are concerned: the psychoactive component (tetrahydrocannabinol), the non-psychoactive component (cannabidiol, and cannabiol), and the tobacco tars.

A number of scientists have now collected data that suggest that cannabis does damage to the normal mitotic (cell division) process, thereby producing damaged chromosomes. Dr. Morton Stenchever at Utah Medical School discovered that the non-psychoactive ingredient in cannabis caused a marked increase in chromosomal breakage. He found that this is so regardless of whether subjects are heavy or light smokers. Others, however, found damage only with heavy use (more than twice a month).

Dr. Gabriel Nahas of Columbia University and Dr. Akira Morishima have come up with a remarkable discovery. Correlating the known fact that Moroccans living in the Rif mountains are inordinately susceptible to tuberculosis with Dr. Nahas' hunch that chronic marijuana smokers undergo a general physical deterioration, they went on to

study the immune response system. They found that the white blood cells, or lymphocytes, which are the cells largely responsible for all mediated immune response, do not react as well to a provoking stimulus in marijuana smokers as they do in regular smokers. Specifically, he found that the overall immune response was down a whopping 40 per cent in users of pot. Ironically, this rather dramatic result has a double edge. It is entirely conceivable that pot in strong doses may serve as an immunosuppressive drug that might prove critical to the *success* of organ transplants. In addition, since this would mean it depresses DNA synthesis, marijuana may prove useful as an effective antitumor agent, as in fact Dr. Louis Harris of the Medical College of Virginia has already shown in experiments with a mouse. Some may find it hard to resist the prediction that it may prove that the incidence of cancer is lower in pot smokers than in non-smokers. Cannabis also seems to affect the hormonal system, with recent evidence sug-

users—not surprising when it is remembered that marijuana tar alone, when placed on the skin of mice, induces tumor growth.

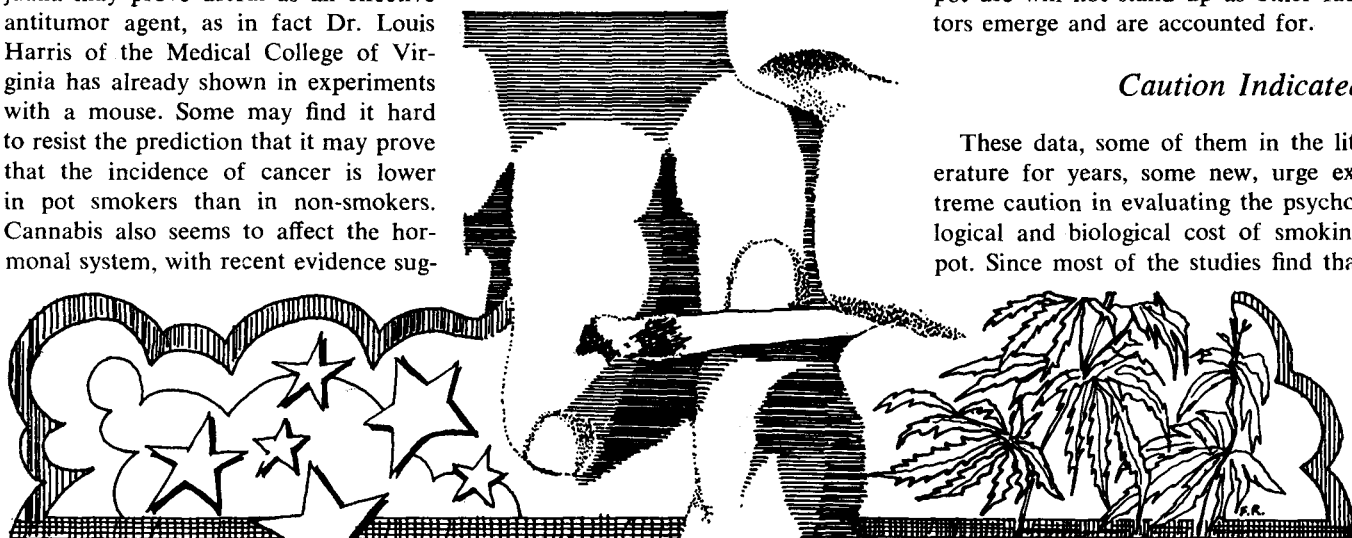
Also, Professor W. D. M. Paton of Oxford University reports an increased incidence of emphysema in young drug users, a finding consistent with data from Jamaica where young laborers who smoke ganja commonly have the emphysema-bronchitis syndrome.

Perhaps the most troubling of all the biological data is the discovery by Dr. Julius Axelrod of the National Institutes of Health that THC, the psychoactive component of hashish, is highly soluble in fat and that the brain, which

dose-related in that the general severity of the personality change is directly related to the amount of use. Luckily the gross manifestations of this condition seem to disappear when the smoking of pot is stopped. However, it is still way too soon to say for sure whether there is permanent damage—whether the upper limit of achievement and potential originally possessed by the person is affected. It should be noted that of all the reports prepared for the Eastland committee, the clinical accounts are the most suspect. Rigorous controls are rarely the hallmark of clinical studies, and it is entirely likely that many of the extreme claims of the adverse effects of pot use will not stand up as other factors emerge and are accounted for.

Caution Indicated

These data, some of them in the literature for years, some new, urge extreme caution in evaluating the psychological and biological cost of smoking pot. Since most of the studies find that



gesting it causes a marked drop in testosterone, the male sex hormone. In Jamaica, the Kingston Public Hospital reports that men who drink tea with ganja, a cannabis variant, report a high incidence of impotence. Similar observations have been reported by Dr. Harold Kolansky of the University of Pennsylvania.

All this, and Cancer too

Other reports show that the production of sperm decreases in pot smokers and that frequent users report problems of infertility. In addition, Drs. Aliapoulos and Harmon of the Harvard Medical School report finding in young male users of marijuana a high incidence of gynecomastia, the development of female-like breasts on males.

Marijuana cigarettes have 50 per cent more tar than regular cigarettes, and it is this component in tobacco that is supposed to be carcinogenic. Several physicians have reported a high incidence of bronchitis in heavy marijuana

has lots of fatty tissue, stores the drug over time. Since hashish is as soluble as DDT in fat the fear is that prolonged exposure of the brain to an unnatural foreign chemical such as THC might lead to long-term organic brain damage. The direct link to brain damage has not been established, but the biological condition of a foreign chemical (THC in this case) lingering on a natural substance (here, the brain) is never viewed with equanimity.

In the early days of marijuana use in this country, perhaps the most confusing information about its effect came from psychologists, sociologists, and psychiatrists. Compared to the more dramatic behavior changes associated with heavy LSD use, pot was thought to be relatively harmless. Yet when the frequency of its use rose, psychiatrists and psychologists everywhere started reporting what they have come to call the amotivational syndrome. Generally, the victims become goalless and slovenly, and suffer an inability to express themselves in verbal terms. This seems to be

the drastic effects follow prolonged use of the drug, the Saturday-night user tends to relax. Yet I would not write off the possible costs even of infrequent use. The toxicity data on the drug suggest that the drug *accumulates* in the system.

Summaries of these findings are already causing a stir in the scientific community, and many researchers are skeptical. All to the good. Knowledge will be achieved only through careful scientific research, which by its nature checks and double-checks. The questions about marijuana will not be resolved by polemicists who have already taken sides on the issue. Richard Cowan of NORML (The National Organization for the Repeal of Marijuana Laws) has written that there are no new data (incorrect) and that the old studies are full of holes (some are, some aren't). At any rate, such aprioristic reactions are a little frantic and irresponsible, whether from the side that belittles the dangers of marijuana or the side that may exaggerate them. □

A Day in South Boston

JOHN McKERNAN

I AM THE ONLY writer I know who lives in South Boston. But what shall I write about it? I live right by the ocean and this morning my car is parked on the Boulevard twenty yards from the beach. To my left two miles down is Castle Point: an actual castle, a monument to the great ship builder David McKay, a lovely park, and some of the best fishing around. People come here from miles away. Across the bay and to my right is Columbia Point, your basic slum, a monument to the designers of Pruitt-Igoe, a near-jungle, one of Boston's great headaches and heartaches. No one goes there who doesn't absolutely have to.

Today is Thursday. I am pleased when I see no flat tires on my car, no broken glass. I have a couple of errands to do today, and mass transit would bankrupt me: all the stops I have to make. One, get my manuscript off to the publisher's. Two, go to the bank. Three, traipse over to the library to look up two essays by David Brudnoy on forced busing. What can I say about it that hasn't already been said? And better. That won't sound racist. That will not be racist.

My car starts easily. Okay! Southie, as they call it, is not the richest area of Boston. There is the same car with the same flat tire. It's been there a week. One finds dozens of immobilized vehicles here. Their owners don't have the cash to get them fixed today. They have to wait until payday, which in some cases may be as far away as 14 days. If they work. "Some of my friends are on welfare," is a strange new sentence. Well.

What about my essay on busing? What will I say? Will I begin by describing the lovely, melancholy IRA songs they play over and over again on the juke boxes in the neighborhood pubs? Those haunting ballads that terrify me with their customary heroic deaths and rhetorical violence. If the Irish overseas detest the English and loathe absentee landlords, what about here? One evening I listened to a calm man, a property owner here, a union man who loved John Kennedy (and knew him), pas-

sionately denounce on principle absentee landlords who live in Brookline and Ipswich. His anger was real. Public passion. How Irish. Captain Boycott. Swift's *Modest Proposal*, and those unknown poems attacking the vulturous middle class. Yeats and his "terrible beauty." And Joyce, always the beautiful prose of James Joyce. Did you know that in the Circe section of *Ulysses*, there is a talking dog? There is. Do you think that is strange? It's nothing. I know a bar down here where a man has a Siberian wolfhound that for a peanut will sing "Jingle Bells."

But what about the article? Hell, Brudnoy is an articulate intelligence. I won't be able to write a word that really says anything important or true.

I am through at the bank. Only one armed guard! At the high school, I am told, fifty armed guards patrol the hallways. I head for the Post Office. I dump a Jiffy Bag full of my poems into the mail and thump the blue box for luck. Fat chance I have to win the Lamont. I am driving down Broadway; the bridge is a mile away (all of South Boston is an island) and the skyline is beautiful. Boston does not overwhelm me, as New York does, which is one reason I came here to spend my sabbatical.

WOA! What is that? I slow down to view a circle of pickets on the sidewalk. They are carrying signs. Who are they? What is this? My first thought is they must be from Cambridge; they have come over the bridge to give us some moral truth on little picket signs. They will tell us we are racist: "even if you think you are not." That is really *the* nagging question. Can one be opposed to forced busing and not be a racist? The liberals say the two are the same. Are they? Or is there, as I believe, really

Mr. McKernan, a poet, editor of The Little Review, is on sabbatical from Marshall University, where he teaches English, and is working on a book on South Boston.

a distinction? And instead of a nifty syllogism, you have merely circular reasoning.

I get out of the car. Man, this is the D Street Housing Project. The *Globe* gives this its highest rating on the crime and violence graph. Everything that happens here is reported, unlike other parts of the city. Reading the *Globe*, one would think this is a combination of the DMZ and Treblinka. And it is not pretty, though the girls are; all those boarded-up windows, a graffito swastika, a "Boycott Gallo" sign (Cambridge invades). Who are those people?

I ROUND the corner. There is a large group of people. Mothers with children. A boy with a German Shepherd. A woman in curlers. She is wearing a brown coat festooned with dozens of buttons against something. In the street a red car: inside it are three fire marshals; at both ends of this revolving picket, a policeman looks on. The boredom of these policemen is inexpressible. There are three or four hundred of them here everyday (collecting overtime). It reminds me of Columbia University during the riots, when I went to school there. But in New York, the police were full of hatred. Here they

are crammed with a boredom that only Andy Warhol could make believable.

Who are these pickets? Are they from Southie? What are they protesting? I stop to read the picket signs they carry in their hands. FORCED BUSING AND THE NAZI PARTY ARE BOTH UNAMERICAN. GO BACK TO VIRGINIA. DON'T TRY TO HELP US. LEAVE! YOU DON'T BELONG HERE. The picket goes round in front of a bricked-in store front whose one window is barred with iron and closed with thick oak planks. The door, painted red, is at least six inches thick. The key hole is set that far into the door. Iron bolts mean some kind of metal backing, sheet metal or maybe lead. The door is padlocked shut. The kind of padlock you see on chains on motorcycles. Next to all this defense is a Sub Shop advertising Greek salad for 95¢. Above the brick wall is a huge black sign, at least ten feet by twenty. Above the words WHITE POWER, below the letters NSWPP. These are the Nazis. I remember going into the Salvation Army one day and being disgusted by one of their nauseating racist posters attacking black people.

Some people from Southie are demonstrating, peaceably, against the Nazis. Some people, not in the picket, are not so peaceable. "Burn the trash out. Pigs. Right on. Right out of Southie." I do

not believe my eyes. Perhaps here is my article. Perhaps here's the distinction. It is not an idle one, not a mere academic quibble. This picket, this tiny, poorly produced street drama, this masque even, expressed the distinction. Forced busing is the issue. Race is not the point. This is a rejection of racists.

A woman in a blue ski jacket calls out, "Join us." I tell her I am a writer and not a picketer.

The next time around she asks me. "Who do you write for?" I tell her. She has not heard of it. We carry on a conversation this way. Several words to each other as she passes in the circle.

"Where are your credentials," she asks.

I say, "I don't have any."

"Are you a Nazi?" she asks nonchalantly.

I frown. "No I'm not. Leave me alone."

"Where are you from? You an outsider?" she asks. I tell her I live down by the ocean. She asks me the street and the number. I tell her. I imagine that if I am ever interrogated by the FBI it will sound just like this. She tells me she was born down that street. I shrug. She asks me the names of my neighbors. I tell her. She is still not impressed. I am beginning to be bored.

"Do you write for the Nazis?"

"Good God, no," I tell her. My last words. I give up on her.

NEW TACTICS. I pull a man of about thirty out of the line and tell him who I am, what I am doing. He has never heard of NR. The woman in the blue coat tells him, "Don't talk to him. He's a writer." He picks up his picket sign and joins the circle. What am I going to do? The woman in the coat of many buttons comes over and gives me a sheet of paper. She tells me, "Here. If you are a writer, here is something. We don't talk to writers or newspaper people anymore. They always get it all wrong. Here." I thank her with my best ma'am and a smile. She is surprised and impressed. Of all her buttons, the one I liked the best was the yellow-brown one with the pre-revolutionary DON'T TREAD ON ME above a serpent.

What do I have here? It is your basic press release. From the South Boston Information Center. Six paragraphs, bland prose, 220 words. The key is the paragraph, "We totally oppose any other

(Continues on page 629)



"We just got orders to begin busing Monday."

WE WERE TIRED, having spent the morning at an electrical insulation factory, and the afternoon at Sian University on the outskirts of the city that, for eleven centuries, was the capital of Imperial China. But our stay in all of China would last for only a month, so our guides wanted their ten U. S. student guests to see as much as possible. After dinner, we dragged ourselves into a sitting room laid out with white lace tablecloths and tea cups, and were duly introduced to the Shensi Province Song and Dance Ensemble.

Before I crossed the border at Lo Wu, my knowledge of Chinese art was more or less limited to the ivory elephants, Buddhas, and bodhisattvas New Yorkers see behind Madison Avenue plate glass storefronts. On picking up a copy of *China Pictorial Magazine* during the train ride from Lo Wu to Canton, I began to notice another form of Chinese art. Now, browsing through a *Life*-magazine-like Party organ, I was introduced to current trends in Chinese theater.

It had been a busy season. On the Eve of Dynamiting was out, having opened in Peking a fortnight ago. Not quite Broadway, but its plot was breathtaking all the same. "Party Branch secretary Lei Wan-chun and the workers," read the review, "put their heads together and improve the method of dynamiting in the course of building a mine; as a result, the water conservancy works and villages in the neighborhood are safeguarded and the project is sped up."

Another one-acter called "Drawing the Line" tells the story of a "layman expert," Cheung Ta-pe, who persuades his wife to move their three-room house in order to make way for a new canal. The climax arrives when Cheung urges his missus—who obviously suffers from Incorrect Thought—to "shift our three rooms so that 10,000 more tons of grain shall be harvested!"

Intriguing. I devoured three more reviews: "Presenting the Fruits of Rich Harvest to Chairman Mao," "Our Brigade's Good Secretary," and "By the Lichma River"—wherein "Koo Yen-hung exhorts the cadres to unite and cut an irrigation channel through the mountain."

Mr. Buckley is a senior at Yale who traveled with a student leader group to Communist China last summer.

LETTER FROM SHENSI

Mood in a Socialist Country

CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

By the time we walked into the conference room to share our thoughts on art—no matter how incorrect—with the members of the Shensi Song and Dance Ensemble, we were aware that art served one master, the Revolution. Every song was a national anthem, every play a re-enactment of the Spirit of 1949 (China's 1776), and every poem a panegyric to Mao and the people.

They were a sanguine lot, these artists. Their eyes suggested continuous contact with a muse. Alas, it was a socialist muse. I remember thinking they terribly lacked a hungry look, a year or two starving in Paris, pursuing the movable feast.

We exchanged opening pleasantries, and said it was nice of them to come. They told us it was nice of *us* to come. Then the head of the Shensi Song and Dance Ensemble listened to our questions, jotting each one down. When he had accumulated a dozen or so, he began, very slowly and very carefully, to answer them.

OUR Princeton student wondered if they performed any classical Western pieces, such as Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique Symphony*. "Tchaikovsky," he replied, "gave the name himself to this work—sadness—and that is far from the mood in a socialist country." Beethoven was "a progressive man in his time, but Tchaikovsky said that all men are brothers, and this is *far* from our understanding at this time. How can this be? How can the workers be brothers to the capitalists?"

I thought it arrogant to dismiss Western music on such grounds, and said so.

"Chairman Mao," he answered, "tells us to perform for the workers. Therefore the question you raised does not exist as a problem."

"But isn't it possible," I asked, "to consider music as a work of art and not merely as a political statement?"

He smiled. "We do not believe in music for the sake of art."

Well then, had *any* Western music been played in China since the Cultural Revolution?

Indeed: Albanian revolutionary songs, and some African music, "reflecting the struggle of the people."

My face did not, apparently, register enlightenment, so he elaborated: "Our approach toward all Western art and literature is one of inheritance of criticism. We have reference on all artistic works from other countries. Our ballet, orchestra, and symphony have been transplanted, but we must not allow ourselves to inherit uncritically everything in ballet from its origin. We can turn to good purposes these nice-looking artistic forms."

We asked if it was then a matter of separating content from form in what they "inherited critically" from Western art.

"Form and content," he said, "may not be separated so mechanically. In *Swan Lake* the Prince's movements are designed to portray the feelings of a prince. This is a problem."

This is quite a problem, especially when it's the Revolutionary Committee who's reading your scripts. One not only doesn't choose a prince as a protagonist, one refrains from writing dramas with unhappy endings. Because "the subject-theme in revolutionary ballet and opera is the suffering of the people. The ending [of the work] is the liberation from that suffering."

A Columbia student, who, when not preparing for matriculation in a capitalistic business school spent much of his time at Broadway theaters and at the Philharmonic, turned and whispered, "I get the feeling I'm in Wonderland listening to the Mad Hatter."

Pithy, yes. And we did hail from ivory towers of New Criticism, where art stands alone, divorced from biography, history, politics. Places where people devote lifetimes to studying the Great Works. But Columbia's remark was not exactly tolerant.

His curiosity was aroused, though, and there was no stopping him. "What

do you think of Nureyev?" he asked. It was a loaded question, since 80 per cent of the People's Liberation Army is massed on the borders of Rudolf's fatherland.

There was a rumbling among the artists.

"Is it a ballet or opera?"

"It's a *he*. A ballet dancer. He used to dance with Margot Fonteyn."

Our interpreter translated, "Not clear." The group was still discussing, struggling with the tongue-twisting Slavic syllables. "Nuleyev?" "Noole-goov?" Finally the interpreter said, "We know of *Olanov*."

EVERYONE WAS uncomfortable, on the verge of social paralysis, when Johns Hopkins jumped in. "No matter," he said, "I bet there aren't 800 million people *outside* China who've heard of Nureyev." Both sides smiled. Nervously. After all, we weren't here to test their knowledge of Western art.

Time for more aesthetic propaganda (the term is not derogatory in China). Our host quoted—fluently—from the works of Chairman Mao: "All art and literature is a reflection of the ideology of the country and the people. The laboring people are the creators of spiritual and material wealth. Our art gives expression to the life of the people."

To bolster his comrade's words, a playwright told his story. "It takes time," he said, "for me to get a practical experience with the people. If I have an idea to portray the life of the workers, I have to be among them. I have been working in a coal mine, and thus I learn from the workers. This is my process, to collect materials for the work. I will spend three years in the coal mine in order to write an opera reflecting the life of the coal miners. I *must do this*, for the principle is to follow Chairman Mao's correct path."

I liked that, combining as it did elements of the New Journalism and Socialist Realism.

Such themes as passion, tragedy, or anguish, our host said, "do not fit the sentiments of the people. We want to build a brighter future." Another comrade, a composer, described various musical instruments recently designed to produce "happy and sad" tones—"but mostly happy."

Princeton was squirming, and demanded to know if they had ever heard of Shakespeare. Once again the Shensi

Song and Dance Ensemble was on the spot. I hasten to add that had they asked any of us *wunderkinder* the name of a single sixteenth century Chinese playwright, we would have been speechless.

"Some of us have read Shakespeare," he answered, "however we only make reference to the artistic forms of expression, for you see, his sentiment is rather far away from the sentiment of present-day China. But some of Shakespeare is similar to Chinese plays."

Columbia suggested a nexus between the theme of *The Merchant of Venice* and the concerns of the Revolutionary Committee. One American film allowed in China before the Cultural Revolution was *The Sound of Music*, because it portrays one family's struggle against fascism. So why not *The Merchant of Venice*—because it portrays a struggle against capitalism?

"It is similar," said the host, "but not exactly the same."

Time was running out. An actress, a beautiful young girl who played the lead in the ballet *The White Haired Girl*, asked us what happens to American singers and actors when they get old. Before leaving for the border from Hong Kong, I had picked up a copy of *Time* which carried the story of Betty Hutton, aged, useless, and poor, recently surfacing in a Rhode Island convent as cook.

I explained that the nuns were taking good care of her. They stared, incredulous. My colleagues stumbled over one another to add that this was not always the case, that most theatrical oldtimers either fade away, become alcoholics, or commit suicide. The Shensi Song and Dance Ensemble nodded, relieved.

We had heard a lot about the treachery of Lin Piao, his attempted flight to Moscow, and his plane crash in the Gobi Desert. Hardly a day went by without reference to the running dog's fitting end. Whenever our interpreter translated the punch line ("Of course, Lin Piao's plot failed and his plane crashed in the Gobi Desert"), a huge smile spread across his Peter Lorre face. The happy ending.

I asked if the Chinese people might one day soon see a ballet or play called *The Crash in the Gobi Desert*. The Ensemble laughed. Nervously. Columbia meanwhile reprimanded me: "Yeah, it'll be a movie, starring us,

called *Plane Crash in the Pacific Ocean*."

Before leaving, we presented the Shensi artists with a copy of Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. I have a feeling they probably turned it over to the Revolutionary Committee, whose members examine such works with scrupulous care, to scrape away heretical lint. Probably they will find Whitman's ethos inappropriate to the mood of the New China. I have a feeling we should have left them instead an album of American ballads, featuring "I've Been Working on the Railroad."

As they filtered out of the room, I watched the young ballerina. Tomorrow night she would be onstage performing the White Haired Girl, pros- trating herself before the Revolution. And yet you would not have suspected it from her eyes. Such eyes! Deep, bright, almond-shaped, they were eyes that, scanning fields bathed in late afternoon sun, cannot fail to discern beauty, poetry, capable in those fugitive moments of transcending the stern demands of the socialist muse. □

The Bottom Line

Our Congresspersons (you'll excuse
The Women's Lib concession)
Are making headlines in the news
For tainting their profession.
Some drink too much, some sleep
around,
And there is one whose letters
When opened by the Feds were found
To ruffle the go-getters.
(The correspondent won't forgive
Such shocking malefaction
And vows [deleted expletive]
Unsparing counteraction.)
Another is concerned with love
And how and why they make it,
But more are mindful rather of
Their thirst and how to slake it.
Some (husbands) like to hype their lives
With pleasure-jaunts we pay for,
But they don't take along their wives
("That's what we run away for").
Some gamble heavily, some curse,
And swear like Yahoo troopers,
And some, the spies, are even worse:
They're gossip-mongering snoopers.
How ravenously we explore
Their crotchets, sex, and drinking.
But wouldn't it avail us more
To look into their thinking?

—CORINNA MARSH

Revelations of a German Leftist

Letter from the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

THE ABDUCTION last winter of Peter Lorenz, top candidate of West Berlin's Christian Democratic Union, and the killings at the West German Embassy in Stockholm in April once again highlighted the aggressive and destructive nature of Germany's New Left. The trial of the leaders of the terrorist Baader-Meinhof gang (responsible for the kidnapping and the terror in Stockholm) has just started and the former husband of Ulrike Meinhof—one of the defendants—has already anticipated some of the unfolding testimony with a volume of exceedingly interesting reminiscences. His name is Klaus Rainer Röhl and his book is *Fünf Finger sind keine Hand*—*Five Fingers Make no Fist*.

Röhl used to belong to the Communist Party, and although he broke with it and with the very unimaginative East German *apparatchiki* who tried to prescribe the course he should take, he still sticks to his own brand of Marxism. The most important of his revelations is that *konkret* (with a small "k"), the New Left's leading periodical which he founded, was initially financed by Communist East Berlin. Right after World War II, in the years 1945-1947, British and American occupation authorities issued all licenses to publish and in their enthusiasm for full democracy in Germany they insisted that "all parties" be represented on the editorial boards—which meant that Communists were installed everywhere in the German press. Journalists of Christian or conservative coloring were suspect as "reactionaries." Because the editorial staffs of German newspapers are self-perpetuating bodies, it's not surprising that a poll last year showed that about 80 per cent of West German editors supported the Social Democratic government in Bonn and only 20 per cent the Christian Democratic CDU or CSU—a situation which fortunately does not accurately reflect German public opinion.

Because the Communist editors originally okayed by the Western powers have been gradually edged out or have moved on of their own accord, East Germany had to look for other vehicles. Since its own press did not sell in the West (it was too dull, too obviously

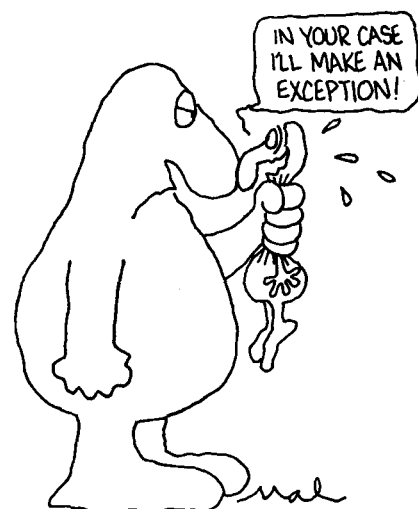
doctrinaire) East Germany was on the lookout for sympathizers and publications which, though not following the straight Moscow-Pankow line, nevertheless could feed Eastern ideas to the German public. The New Left seemed ideal for this purpose and *konkret* offered a perfect outlet.

To camouflage this operation each issue carried a small anti-Soviet article or editorial. But, Röhl tells us, he used another form of coverup too; sex, which is viewed with certain suspicion east of the Iron Curtain. Sex belongs to the private sphere; it has a tendency to get out of hand. Emphasis on sex? How utterly bourgeois or aristocratic! How unproletarian! Sex goes with leisure, not hard work; it tends to detract people's interest from serious ideological matters. Hence sexual deviants are severely punished in most East European countries including the USSR; pornographic books and films are prohibited and nudity on the stage is unknown. The late Hans Henny Jahnn, an important German writer and literary figure, once wrote that "only extreme hunger or frustrated rut can produce revolutions." Since West German society gorges on fried chicken and cream cakes, says Röhl, sex remained the obvious means to achieve the noble end he envisioned. The great success of New Left propaganda in West Germany was indeed due to a mixture of political radicalism and sexual overexcitement. *konkret* made a hit not only among the young, but also among the leftist intellectuals of the Establishment: among those high placed persons in society with active sympathies for the extreme Left.

One of Herr Röhl's most prominent victims was Countess Marion Dönhoff, a key figure in the publishing world. The Countess was for many years chief editor of *Die Zeit*, next to *Der Spiegel* the most important opinion-molding German magazine. *Die Zeit* had once been more Right than Left, but in Germany (as elsewhere) the aristocracy sometimes favors leftist tendencies. Röhl arranged an invitation for Countess Dönhoff to visit and see with her own eyes the wonderful evolution of East Germany.

cess—for the Communists. Röhl describes how the Countess was fooled, hoodwinked, and brainwashed. A series of articles in *Die Zeit*, shortly thereafter exhorted its readers to revise their old views on East Germany and to shed their prejudices. The organizers of the trip were immensely amused. The Countess Dönhoff's naïveté was, Röhl believes, largely due to her arrogance: she was too supercilious to look for the details that could have enlightened her as to the real nature of the other Germany.

IT WAS right after the successful Dönhoff trip that Klaus Röhl got the sack from the Pankow government. Luckily for him (as he tells us), the end of the East Berlin subsidies was not the end of *konkret*. In the meantime, Röhl's marriage to Ulrike Meinhof (who also had joined the outlawed Communist Party) had gone to pieces and Röhl drifted more and more into Germany's liberal Establishment. Progressive German authors, typically, were vying for the honor of being published in a periodical founded with monies from Pankow and Moscow. But where between moderate leftism and downright Communism, do you draw the line? The real value of this cynical book lies precisely in the illustration of the truism: within the Left there are only differences in intensity, not in essence; in approaches, not in basic positions; in strategies, not in philosophies. □



The excursion was a tremendous suc-

God, Horses, and Lizards

THERE IS TODAY an unwritten but widely accepted rule which has three parts to it, together with its own sanction. First part: if you discuss any issue which specifically concerns human beings—marriage, divorce, abortion, fetus experimentation, brain modification, nudity, Virginia school textbooks, love, civil rights—you may do so really on any basis you like except a *religious* one. Second part: a discussion on such issues from a religious viewpoint is to be disqualified as partisan, irrelevant, subjective. Third part: if you do violate this rule, no one is going to quote the rule to you. Instead, a quite simple and effective sanction is applied: such a discussion is not seriously entertained; it does not even get a hearing.

The situation is pervasive in socio-political commentary, practical applications of psychology, academic forums, literary association, and ecclesiastical activism. So much so that merely to illustrate the first part will occupy the space of one column. The other two parts of the rule will be the subject of commentary later on. Two recent successes from the stage will start that commentary and illustrate the first part of the rule.

Hippophobia-Hippophilia

Take, for example, Peter Shaffer's Tony Award winning *Equus*. Briefly, *Equus* is a prepuberty play advocating the adult insanity championed by R. D. Laing. We very insane people, Shaffer admonishes, deprive Alan Strang of his basic need to worship, by treating his attitude to horses as mentally unbalanced. Now, of course, there's something wrong with Shaffer's plumbing here: he goes hell-bent to defend both Alan's love and then his hate of horses under the rubric of "worship." And you have a right to feel picky about the fact that "worship" in *Equus* includes only

Out of This World

MALACHI B. MARTIN

hippophilia (that glorious sweat! that magnificent chest! those marvelous rides!) and hippophobia (gouging out the horses' eyes). But let the boy alone. All he's doing is responding to a deep urge.

Dramatic alternatives being what they are under the unwritten rule, the alternatives presented by *Equus* are clear. Either: allow people to do what they choose, in order that they be themselves and only thus be truly sane. Or: don't allow them, and thus force them to become insane like the majority of us poor squares. When Alan's mother mumbles momentarily about the "devil" and that sort of thing, Shaffer treats this much as the mutterings of a Tibetan astrologer at an international meet of astrophysicists. And Shaffer would never be so irrelevant and subjective as to speak of worship as it has been known up to this: adoration and love of a creating god who imposes a moral imperative on our consciences and a rule of reason for our minds and an absolute love with which to measure our limited loves.

Edmund Albee's Pulitzer Prize winning *Seascape* is a lizard of the same color. *Seascape*, in sum, is Albee's latest attempt to tell us modern children in a Sesame Street format that we have already scratched too deep in man and found a nasty beast. The purpose of life is, to put it mildly, life itself. But now, having made such a mess of this noble purpose (you understand how—urban society, marital mores, all those excess babies, the Vietnam War, etc. etc.), we should turn and look to some non-nasty beasts among our forebears—well, yes, to the lizards. And thus, as Clive Barnes fatuously remarked apropos of *Seascape*, "if you listen attentively, [you will get] a good few insights about the primeval ooze from which we all come and the blind inarticulate courage that keeps all going."

In other words, as humans we have two alternatives. Either: imitate the lizards and other well-behaved animals, and like them trust the self-fulfilling purpose of life—which is living. Or: be worse than lizards, and self-destruct. If anyone were to suggest a third alternative in a Pulitzer Prize candidate play (say: Seek first the Kingdom of God, and all else will be accomplished in you), this would not merely be un-

sophisticated (which is *not* why Albee doesn't include it), but irrelevant and subjective. And what about that Pulitzer Prize?

There is, summarily, no escape hatch upward for us humans, no high ground from which to view our bodies, our minds, and our lives. You can delve into the murky instincts within us. You can consult the animals we were and, in some ways, still are. You can get insights about our primeval ooze. All we need and all we can have is "inside here" and "back there." And to hold this view to the exclusion of properly religious issues is to be objective and truly human. To see and discuss marriage or hippomania within a paradigm of moral obligation, of God's will, and of God's healing grace, that is to be subjective.

No Place for Religion

The pervasiveness of the unwritten rule has obviously had many causes, not the least of which has been the past behavior of organized religion whose leaders in their heyday were dogmatic and absolutist in areas where they had no right to be (e.g. in scientific matters), and ineffectual if not downright unworthy in areas vital to religion (e.g. human rights, status of women). But the main cause was the intellectual heresy of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries which started in Europe and was exported to the U.S.A. and which set out to elaborate a knowledge of human beings and their world on the firm assumption that God and religion had no place in that knowledge.

The result is the confusion and irreconcilability of views voiced today about most vital matters such as euthanasia, marriage, abortion, education, patriotism, experimentation on humans, sexuality, and gender. If the unwritten rule continues to predominate and reaches practical exclusivity, it would be the end of our civilization. We will, indeed, have only that primeval ooze to contemplate.

Doubtless, the pendulum will swing back from the extreme now embodied in the unwritten rule, to an objective—*because* moderate—position. But the danger is that even by then we may have gone too far down the road and be incapable of retracing our steps. □

Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Transcendental Meditation

I'm eavesdropping; it's hard not to. We're packed karma to karma at the Hotel Wentworth. Photos of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, the fifth Beatle, hang around. At least six in any room where there are four walls and two tables. Mao doesn't get better coverage per room. You remember MMY, the lotus positioned gentleman with a white racing stripe through his beard. Also eyelids logy and wide as a two-car garage at half mast. It's all eyelids: in the meditation game you can't afford to look awake.

The young and glib lady TM instructor has been cross-examining a middle-aged female prospect. Listen to this snatch of transcendental soft sell.

"You'll have four two-hour sessions over four consecutive days. During this time your instructor will give you a special mantra to repeat. Now, these sounds will mean nothing, but they'll be personalized to fit your particular character and needs. I notice you're married. Is your husband interested in TM?"

"Well. He thought if I joined, then he could use my mantra." The TM lady is aghast, two ghosts.

"No. No. Please." She has placed a mother's hand on the shoulder opposite. "That would be wrong, very destructive. Your husband might be injured by it. He has to get his own mantra. Promise me you won't tell him yours."

Right. These days a half-million people practice TM in the U.S. "Hey, Charlie, you look sick, what's wrong?" "Picked up something. Guess I caught it from a dirty mantra."

Meditation is an admirable thing; no one can question that. Minds need rest. The glib lady says that "meditation has been used for hundreds of thousands of years." Somewhat hyperbolic that: Pithecanthropus with a thumb in his navel. The TM people tell you that two twenty-minute periods daily will produce increased job satisfaction, resistance to disease, academic performance, and the ever-popular "self-actualization." Plus reduced alcoholism, bronchial asthma, drug use, insomnia, and fat. They pass around a pamphlet full of bar graphs, where TM initiates stand out like the World Trade Center next to a Greenwich Village brownstone on scientific skylines. Impressive enough. But what's going on at this nonprofit, tax exempt TM center can be sung to a bubble gum refrain: money and mummery.

Someone asks, do the folks in India use TM? No. Of course not. What Indian could afford \$125? (It's \$200 on the family plan. That's why you mustn't tell spouse your mantra, saves 75 bucks.) Payments will be "due in full on your first day of instruction.



Cash or check is fine." Maharishi came to the U.S. because Americans "are creative and open to new things." Sure. Can't think of any other reason, can you? For \$125 you get one custom-made mantra, four sessions, and a nice little ceremony "in Sanskrit so you won't understand it. Please bring one dozen fresh flowers, two or three pieces of sweet fruit, and a new, white handkerchief which will be returned afterward." Nice of them not to open a linen concession on the side. Flowers, maybe. And you can come back for a checkup any time free of charge: it's like the American Motors warranty. When do you experience results? "We don't let you out of the building until you've felt some relaxation."

TM is not a religion, not a religion, not a religion. They repeat that. No sense in alienating all those Jewish and Christian dollars. Not to mention the other faiths: "We don't feel that pot or LSD is immoral. The Maharishi doesn't interfere with personal beliefs." Since his heavy-lidded appearance on the *Merv Griffin Show*, TM's New York chapter alone has received 700 to 800 calls a day. If one quarter of those callers paid by cash or check, you could figure a handsome 25 grand per diem. It's so commercial indulgences seem high-minded by comparison. TM has its tm: the little letter r appears in a circle just beneath it. One foolish Unitarian minister presumed to announce a sermon on "Transcendental Meditation." You better believe they straightened him out fast. "We never sue people, but . . ." But. But you might as well hold a patent on Extreme Unction. The Pope could farm it out like Colonel Sanders franchises.

HOW ABOUT the famous Om? "We don't use Om. Often people get bad vibes from it." Om is free; you can't turn it into rupees. She sketches a diagram, the ocean. On top, rubberduddy buoyant, is CIT: Conscious Intellectual Thought. Below, at a bathyspheric level, at what Maharishi calls "the source of thought," is EIC: Energy, Intelligence, Creativity. The audience, three-quarters female and middle-aged, can't wait to become energetic, intelligent, and—that siren word—creative: paint like Picasso, debate like Buckley, write like Joyce. Overt promises are never made and indeed one lady calls the TM state, "no big thing at all, just rest deeper than sleep." But I feel pro-

tective of these yearning souls: \$125 and a few oranges for Self-Actualization. Suppose they fill ballast tanks, drop to EIC, and find Emptiness, Impracticality, Commonplaces. We all like to think something exterior has cheated us of genius. Something exterior has: so-so chromosomes. Maharishi's Source of Thought is in the genes.

Hah, you say, how can Mano discuss something he hasn't tried? Hah, I say, how could Mano discuss TM if he did try it? The contract you have to sign states: "I will not directly or indirectly impart or disclose to anyone the mantra I receive or its instructed use. I further agree that I will not disclose, publish, or in any way attempt to instruct or impart the technique of Transcendental Meditation." Tell you what. This is my own shtick, I call it Incidental Meditation, no trademark. Twice every day, for twenty minutes, close your eyes, put your feet up, and say a nonsense word silently on each outbreath. Rest can't hurt. If you feel better, send me a buck fifty (two bucks if your wife feels better, too) and we'll be quits. Cash or check is fine. □

TELEVISION

LINDA BRIDGES

Not Cricket, Old Chap

Given the usual level of screenplay writing, there are definite advantages to basing a film on a genuine novel. Advantages, that is, for the viewing audience at large. For the writer's admirers, it can be sheer torture.

First, it is almost inevitable that a crucial member of the cast will conflict violently with what the reader sees in his mind's eye. (This is much likelier with adaptations of novels than with plays. The novelist will have spent much more time than any playwright, even Shaw or O'Neill, describing his characters; the more detailed the description, the harder it becomes to find an actor who fits it.) Worse, unless the adapters are dealing with a very short novel indeed they will need to turn it into manageable length. Even if they avoid seriously distorting the work, they are bound to cut scenes that were some reader's special favorites. This has always been a problem with movies—from movies as good as the 1939

Wuthering Heights and 1943 *Jane Eyre* to movies so bad that it would be rude to name them. But in the last few years, Masterpiece Theatre has allowed television viewers to share the moviegoers' suffering.

Masterpiece Theatre's current victim/honoree is Dorothy Sayers' Peter Wimsey novels. So far they have done *Clouds of Witness*, *The Unpleasantness at the Bellona Club*, *Murder Must Advertise*, and *The Nine Tailors*. And so far, they have come up against all the problems of the genre.

FIRST THE cuts. *Murder Must Advertise* suffered most. It is a longish book, and it's the most novelistic of the four. (For anyone who hasn't made her acquaintance, Dorothy Sayers was a mystery novelist; in fact there are hardcore whodunit fans who find she put in rather too much novel per mystery.) It is set in an advertising agency, which gave Miss Sayers the chance to write some wildly comic scenes about the problems with clients and printers and deadlines—all the local color of office life that makes journalists adore this book. ("Mr. Armstrong then sent the layout up again to Mr. Tallboy, with a request that he would effect these necessary alterations. Mr. Tallboy, realizing with delight that these involved nothing more drastic than the making of a new layout and the complete rewriting of the copy, sought out the copywriter . . .") Leaving in these animadversions would have made the television show impossibly long, but in cutting them, Masterpiece Theatre lost what makes the book distinctive—and fun.

Then there is the casting. Many of the supporting players have certainly been splendid. John Hallam as Ingleby (*Murder Must Advertise*), the saturnine, untidy, brilliant socialist; David Langton as the Duke of Denver (*Clouds of Witness*), Lord Peter's huntin', shootin', fishin' brother; Mark Eden as Charles Parker (throughout), Lord Peter's Scotland Yard sidekick; Donald Eccles as Theodore Venables (*Nine Tailors*), the country vicar who looks like an amiable hawk. Alas, Ian Carmichael, as Lord Peter, we have always with us, and he is far from splendid. In the first place, he simply does not resemble Lord Peter Wimsey in face or build. Besides looking 15 years older than Peter, he is far too solid and sedentary (his dive from atop a high fountain in *Murder Must Adver-*

tise is, compared with the scene on the printed page, ludicrous; and it may just have been for credibility's sake that they cut the great cricket scene).

But first-rate actors have overcome greater disparities. If Mr. Carmichael had more of Lord Peter's manner, one might be less conscious that he doesn't have his looks. True, he has improved immeasurably since the first of the series, *Clouds of Witness*. There, in his attempt at the Thirties upper-class English accent, he seemed to be speaking a foreign language, with more determination than fluency. (This, even though he had played Bertie Wooster for BBC.) But though he no longer picks up each *ain't* with sugar tongs, his speech is still much too heavy and pompous for Lord Peter, who often conceals his formidable intelligence behind an almost witless frivolity.

Nine Tailors, just ended last week, turned out to be the best of the four, after beginning disastrously with a flashback to the First World War, with some highly improbable, very un-Sayers dialogue between Bunter and Peter in the trenches. But even apart from the quality of the dialogue, I wish the adapters had not taken so literally Inspector Parker's advice to Peter: "Could you not begin at the beginning and go on until you come to the end, and then, if you are able to, stop?" They have begun all these shows at the beginning, instead of, as Miss Sayers does, *in medias res*. My own feeling is that a certain suspense is lost that way: the viewer knows more than the detective at the beginning, instead of finding out what's going on along with him.

SO FAR, Masterpiece Theatre has not attempted the novels that trace Lord Peter's courtship of Harriet Vane. These novels are justly regarded as major feminist statements, but, with their good humor and implacable clear-headedness about the relations between men and women, they are a sort of feminism that could hardly come to the screen unmutated in this age of consciousness-raising flapdoodle. (Witness the lady who wrote in the *New York Times* a year ago: "What Carmichael is *not* is the subtly sexy feminist hero Sayers created, in the mold of other men (Rochester and Darcy, for instance) invented by women, men whose sexiness derives from their interest in women of spirit and independence"!)

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Vidal. And, of course, one of the best features of all Buckley books is the great supply of quotable quotes, of which this book is no exception. Here are a few examples:

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"I remember a few years ago, when the governor (Rockefeller) was alternating between militarism in our foreign policy and Barnum and Bailey welfarism at home, a history-

minded observer remarking that he was in the tradition of the old Roman emperors who, in order to keep their legions full and happy, needed a lot of bread and a lot of circuses."

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If they do film the Harriet Vane novels, and when they rerun the others, those who have no strong feelings about Sayers are invited to watch exciting mystery stories with dialogue several cuts above the usual television fare. Sayers fans, stay away. □

FILM

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

Heartless and Mindless

The most remarkable fact about *Hearts and Minds* is the reception it has received. This rather blatant piece of propaganda, though as disingenuously one-sided as it can be, has been received with phrases like "a filmmaker's meditation on America"—the title of Penelope Gylliatt's laudatory review in *The New Yorker*. Miss Gylliatt says it would be "a million pities" if co-producer Bert Schneider's outburst at the Academy Awards—when he rejoiced that South Vietnam was about to be "liberated" and read a telegram from the Vietcong—were to give us the wrong impression about this "extremely troubled and contemplative picture." Even *Time*'s Stefan Kanfer, though making astute criticisms, feels he must give the picture credit for "the noblest of motives."

Before I went to see *Hearts and Minds* I was told that the credits listed one Nguyen Ai Quoc as a translator, and that this name was in fact an alias of Ho Chi Minh: sure enough, Nguyen Ai Quoc is listed, and sure enough, David Halberstam's *Ho* mentions this as a name Ho assumed early in life. No doubt the credit was meant as an esoteric tribute. That gives you an idea of where the filmmakers' hearts are, and of their candor. Ho actually appears in the film, in an old clip showing him smilingly surrounded by children, a wispy Asian Father Christmas. He even lets one of them fondle his whiskers. (How this sequence fits into Miss Gylliatt's notion I cannot imagine.) There is of course no depiction of Communist savagery, nor any hint that there is such a thing. Communists and their partisans are shown speaking their piece without any trace of irony.

It is different for Americans. Interviews with soldiers, generals, Walt Rostow, are interspersed with embarrassing clips of Americana intended to show the rise of the militarist mentality, along

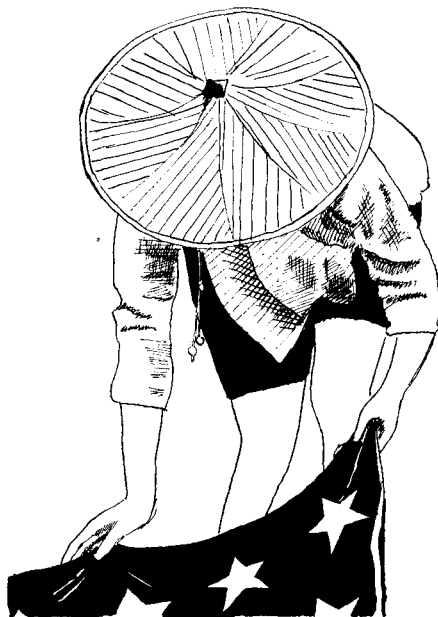
with anti-Oriental racism: sanctimonious football coaches, bloodthirsty cheerleaders, Bob Hope lounging amid Hong Kong beauties, World War II anti-Jap films, Boy Scouts, and so forth. In one widely remarked-on sequence, we see Vietnamese mourners wailing at a grave—then cut to General Westmoreland saying that Orientals don't value life as we do. That is cheap. It does not address Westmoreland's point, which is not that the Vietnamese don't care whether they and their families live or die, but that there is not with them anything like our *public* regard for life as a value. I have often heard similar remarks myself—not from generals, but from returning soldiers who were shocked by their direct experience with the Vietnamese. One, for instance, told me of an infant beheaded by the Vietcong because the mother worked at an American base—as a cleaning woman. All these brutal ex-Boy Scouts were horrified by this kind of thing. But that cleaning woman does not appear in *Hearts and Minds*: she would have flunked the screen test, I suppose—which is to say that the filmmakers would acknowledge no suffering, no death, on which they couldn't grind their axe. The result is that even those miseries they show seem polemical, and in several cases my own second reaction, after pity for the victims I saw, was contempt for those who exploited their grief in a film whose whole tendency was to produce further grief. It is this pro-Communist blindness, this refusal to try to see the war whole, that makes this film not a "meditation" but a cinematic lie.

How, then, has it been possible to

gull the reviewers? The answer is partly that the parts are greater than the whole. The interviews with ex-soldiers and the parents of dead soldiers are often moving, always interesting. Not all Americans are shown as bad: some are noble and sensitive, like Dan Ellsberg, who still cries when he talks about Bobby Kennedy in front of a camera. Then there are those like Clark Clifford, who changed his mind, and a former pilot who is pained to think what he may have done to children like his own.

More important, I think the reviewers are afraid to say anything that sounds anti-Communist. It is not respectable. You don't keep writing for *The New Yorker*, or even *Time*, if you use phrases as passé as "Communist tyranny." You have to be delicate. No matter if hundreds of thousands of people hastily leave their homes forever, fight their way onto departing ships bound for unknown lands, even paddle out to sea in tiny boats: we still don't denounce Communism, except in journalistic red light districts like *American Opinion* or *NR*. Oh, there may be a sober reminder now and then in *The New Republic* or the *Times* that some people prefer not to live under it, but there is no cant phrase, no uncontested term, in our public discourse to sum up the horror and desperation of ordinary people who are faced with Communist conquest. We have to pinch ourselves to remind us that it is not the nations of the Free World (there's a cold war *gaucherie* for you) that are surrounded by barbed wire, brick walls, land mines, machine-gunning guards; that it is not the approach of ITT and the United Fruit Company that produces refugee problems.

PERHAPS what we need is a right wing *Hearts and Minds*. It could juxtapose a clip of Bert Schneider hailing the "liberation" of South Vietnam with a clip of that boy rolling down the road as fast as his wheelchair could carry him to escape the Communist takeover. It could show Jane Fonda and Ramsey Clark deploring America's role in Asia, followed by victims (and their survivors) of a North Vietnamese rocket attack on a civilian center. It could show Anthony Lewis denouncing Thieu's duplicity, followed by an interview with the Canadian truce supervisors who quit in disgust with their Communist colleagues. It might make quite a show. It might even provide Miss Gylliatt with an occasion for some real meditation. □



BOOKS

Producers' Party

ROBERT D. NOVAK

The Making of the New Majority Party

By William A. Rusher

Sheed and Ward, 222 pp., \$6.95

The talk of a new conservative party beginning after the Republican debacle in the 1974 election was greeted with derision by almost all political journalists, most Republican politicians, and a good many conservatives. The skepticism was understandable considering the record of new American political parties in this century. They usually have been built around a single issue (prohibitionism or vegetarianism) or a single candidate (Henry Wallace or George Wallace). Even those new parties professing aspirations for a broad base of support are susceptible to domination by extremist groups (the Progressive Party of 1948 by the Communists, the present American Party by the John Birch Society). New parties that have proved durable lack support (the Prohibitionist and Socialist Parties) and those boasting substantial support prove transitory (Strom Thurmond's States' Rights Party of 1948 and George Wallace's American Independent Party of 1968).

INDEED, the new conservative party movement seemed more of the same when judged by the gathering of conservatives at Washington's Mayflower Hotel this past winter. Many attending seemed more interested in pursuing their pet causes than building a new, broad-based political party. The bitter debate over abortion cast doubt on both the common sense and seriousness of purpose of the putative party founders. Since then, talk of a new party has diminished to the point of inaudibility.

It is, therefore, of major importance that William Rusher has written a cogent and persuasive argument for a new Independence Party bearing no resemblance to the failed new party efforts of

this century but rather seeking to recall the nascent Republican Party of a century ago. Mr. Rusher, publisher of NATIONAL REVIEW, is no hothouse theoretician but a seasoned in-fighter of Republican and conservative politics. From that practical background, he is advocating a new party that is not ideologically homogeneous, not geared to any single candidate, and definitely not a *third* party but instead a *second* party that will take the place of the Republicans almost immediately.

THIS AMBITIOUS undertaking is based on the low estate of the two parties, acknowledged by serious political analysts from David Broder to Kevin Phillips. "... the Democrats, with a congressional spectrum reaching from Ron Dellums to Sonny Montgomery, have stood for just about everything," Mr. Rusher writes, "while the Republicans in their generality have responded by standing for practically nothing."

He then argues a new political coalition has been on the verge of fruition for at least 15 years ("slouching toward Bethlehem, as it were, trying to be born"). Just as the Republican Party was spawned in 1856 by the national impulse opposing the extension of human slavery when neither the Democrats nor the Whigs would come to grips with it, Mr. Rusher sees a new

national impulse generating the new party: an alignment of "producers" (businessmen, manufacturers, blue-collar workers, farmers) v. a "liberal verbalist elite" (the dominant media, the educational establishment, foundations, the bureaucracy) allied with the mushrooming welfare constituency.

The "producers" are composed of the old economic conservatives who have been the Republican Party's backbone and of what Mr. Rusher calls the "social conservatives" who believe in "unapologetic patriotism, anti-Communism, a strong defense, respect for law, distrust of big government, and allegiance to the traditional mores." Once allied, the social and economic conservatives form "the new majority party" envisioned here.

But why should not this coalition of "producers" use the existing Republican Party, even now controlled by its conservative wing, rather than engage in the risky business of starting a new party? The task is difficult within the Republican Party, Mr. Rusher argues, because of liberal Republicans whose sole function has been "to work for liberal principles" within the party and "thereby to prevent it from ever uniting the conservative majority in America." In other words, by compromising with liberal Republicans for the sake of keeping the Republican Party intact, the economic conservatives cannot make their fateful rendezvous with the social conservatives.

But even if the conservatives should gain absolute control of the Republican Party, Mr. Rusher maintains they will have won only "the stain of Watergate, the onus of recession, and precious little else." The very name Republican "incites certain automatic hostilities"—an understatement considering the private wailing these days by Republican

Robert D. Novak is a syndicated columnist. . . . **John R. Coyne Jr.**, a former White House speechwriter, is now a freelance writer living in Maryland. . . . **S. K. Oberbeck** also reviews for Newsweek. . . . **Hugh Kenner's** most recent book, *A Homemade World: The American Modernist Writers*, was reviewed in NR's last issue. . . . Book reviews are indexed in Book Review Index.

politicians who feel their party label is their albatross. So, the author urges whole state Republican organizations to transfer over to the Independence Party while "the Republican Party expires in the arms of Nelson Rockefeller."

What elevates all this above mere wishful thinking is Mr. Rusher's realization, not shared by many fellow conservatives, that the new party cannot be ideologically pure. For that very reason, he suggests the bland, nondescriptive label of Independence Party. Arguing that the party must be able to "absorb and reflect a variety of political interests and tendencies," he concludes:

... the Independence Party must try to be the very reverse of a particularistic and exclusive institution. If it is merely a sort of political Alpine redoubt for WASPs who feel obscurely dispossessed, it will miss by a mile—and deserve to miss—the opportunity to weld into a triumphant coalition the great complex of productive forces that provides the creative sinews of this nation.

This means not only substantial compromise moderating "the near-Puritan severity of traditional economic conservatives" to win over the more numerous social conservatives, but even vigorous courtship of organized labor. The author suggests that an anti-Communist (and anti-detentist) foreign policy and a protectionist trade policy, issues where George Meany is today estranged from the Democratic Party's mainstream, could provide a bridge for the new party into the hierarchy of the AFL-CIO.

Since this book is more in the nature of a call for action than closely reasoned analysis, Mr. Rusher understandably skirts the massive obstacles confronting a new party—including the major distinction between 1976 and 1856. Opposition to the extension of slavery was so clear and pervasive an impulse that the founders of the Republican Party were able to forget lesser issues, permitting coexistence of hostile interests (abolitionists and Negrophobes, immigrants and nativists, New England and the Midwest). Today's conservative impulse as described by Mr. Rusher seems insufficiently precise to override other interests.

MR. RUSHER's own suggested platform reflects this problem. A few basic policy positions—a strong national defense and foreign policy, less government and less governmental interference, a return to the work ethic—might well attract the broad-based coalition he envisions. But the Rusher platform is chock-full to the brim of particularized positions: anti-abortion, pro-school prayer, restrictions on the press (which, in my view, clearly violate the First Amendment), and even a possible expeditionary force to seize Arab oil. The number of conservatives who could agree to all would constitute a cozy group indeed.

The Rusher platform is both preceded and followed by his stipulation that he will agree to "the modification or scrapping" of his ideas "by a representative convention of the Independence Party." But that is not the point.

A new party cannot be born if its founders insist on reaching a specific position on every known issue. Unlike the founding Republicans, today's conservatives may be unable to set aside their pet dogmas for reasons of expediency.

Nor will many economic conservatives be as willing as Mr. Rusher to reconcile their interests "with the necessities of blue-collar America." Indeed, he seems to be underestimating the task involved. Whereas Mr. Rusher sees give-and-take between economic and social conservatives, I see the necessity of all give and no take on economic grounds if a national party embracing the blue-collar vote is to be founded. Although Governor Wallace is listed here as a potential candidate of the Independence Party, would country club conservatives really buy his proposals for higher unemployment compensation and lower electric utility rates that he has been trying to ram through the Alabama legislature this year?

The question of whether many businessmen would be willing to sacrifice economic self-interest for noneconomic principles leads to the more basic question of whether they are conservatives at all. Richard J. Whalen has written that corporate business has helped produce "a peculiarly American kind of socialism, cloaked in the rhetoric of free enterprise and dedicated to preserving the status and security of the privileged"—amounting to "socialism disguised as conservatism." The "conservative" business groups who today lobby for subsidized U.S.-Soviet trade on the Kremlin's terms can scarcely be expected to make economic sacrifices for the greater good.

DIFFICULT as those doctrinal questions are, however, they are dwarfed by the political problems of putting a new party in the field next year. Although Mr. Rusher stresses that the Independence Party's existence cannot depend on any one man's decision whether to run for President, the hard truth is that it *does* depend for 1976 upon Ronald Reagan. And Ronald Reagan today seems to be inching ever closer toward a final try for the Republican presidential nomination and away from any new party venture. That alone would seem to me to postpone any serious progress by a new party until after 1976.

Indeed, it is hard realistically to



imagine the death of that less than fabulous invalid, the Republican Party, so long as a Republican President is in the White House. If so, the birth of the Independence Party would be postponed at least to 1980 and even later if a Republican wins in 1976, though Mr. Rusher in advance downgrades the election of a Ford-Rockefeller ticket as "a narrow, essentially meaningless victory."

But he clearly feels that the emergence of his new party in 1980 and certainly 1984 is much too late, considering the nightmarish pace of events, to ward off "both demagogic folly and authoritarian countermeasures." "Rescue will come—if it comes at all—through the belatedly united efforts of America's economic and social conservatives, bending their will and their immense talents to the high task of making mass-franchise democracy work," Mr. Rusher writes. But he also suggests that the years 1975 and 1976 may be the last chance for this project.

ALL THIS is serious business, high above the parochial considerations of splinter parties. By so establishing seriousness of purpose by the new party he advocates, this book is a necessary corrective to popular conceptions. While succeeding admirably there, however, Mr. Rusher is far less convincing that he and his compatriots will succeed. □

Kissinger on the Couch
By Phyllis Schlafly and Chester Ward
Arlington, 846 pp., \$12.95

OVERKILLING KISSINGER

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

During the summer of '72, in an *NR* article entitled "When the SALT Hit the Fan," Dr. Donald Brennan showed how the SALT-ABM agreements signed in Moscow that year laid the foundation for Soviet nuclear superiority and deprived us of the means to defend ourselves against Russian missiles.

As we all know now, it was a busy summer. The Administration, with an election coming up, was engaged among other things in a high-powered SALT-selling PR campaign, and the Brennan article provoked a mini-furor. Conservative Republicans were already on the

warpath, and any convincing argument that SALT was in fact a sellout might drive droves of them off the reservation for good.

So the White House decided that Vice President Agnew, one of the few Administration officials still viewed favorably by the Republican Right, should attack the Brennan piece in a speech before a conservative group.

I was asked to write the speech, and spent several days in the company of a number of Henry Kissinger's National Security Council super-strategists. They worked the Brennan article over, line by line, and finally came up with a handful of numerical quibbles and a personal attack on Brennan himself. And so, because there was nothing to say, the speech was never written.

I risk boring you with this anecdote to make a simple point: if one fairly short magazine article on SALT caused sufficient distress during Watergate summer to make the White House consider sending out its most popular spokesman to refute it, then the Administration's justifications for why it gave away so much in Moscow must have been very shaky indeed.

They were and they still are. And that, primarily, is what the best parts of this book are about. It tells you everything you ever wanted to know about SALT and the mechanics of sellout. Its technical data are meticulously marshaled and lucidly analyzed, and any layman, with sufficient time and patience, can come away from it with a basic understanding of the complex world of nuclear weaponry and defense strategy. And that, in itself, is no small achievement.

AND FINALLY, by pulling together nearly every cogent criticism ever made of our defense posture, *Kissinger on the Couch* will provide an invaluable supply of ammunition for anyone who in the '76 campaign decides to take on the Administration's discredited concept of détente, should Gerald Ford continue to try to defend it.

Unfortunately, the book also has serious flaws. It is too long, too repetitious, its tone and therefore its effectiveness flawed by polemical overkill. Kissinger, the villain of the piece, is variously de-

picted as a loon, a coward, a Svengali, a liar, and a traitor whose policies "constitute a sellout of the United States to the Communist Party of the Soviet Union."

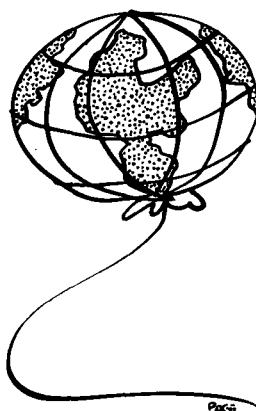
BUT why the sellout? And here the going gets sticky. Embarrassing pop-psychology aside, the Schlafly-Ward thesis seems to be that Kissinger is a sort of Manchurian Candidate, planted in government by Pugwashers and members of the Council on Foreign Relations. He totally subscribes, say the authors, to the CFR one-world, better-Red-than-dead philosophy, and believes that since the Russians won't make concessions to us, we must surrender to them in order to bring about world peace. Kissinger, in short, is the willing tool of conspirators bent upon disarming us unilaterally.

Perhaps. Admiral Ward is, after all, a CFR member, and therefore must know what they're up to.

And it's no longer quite so fashionable to sneer at conspiracies.

But the problem is that the Pugwash-CFR conspiracy theory explanation is simply not necessary here. It will, of course, be received joyously by already-converted members of the old hard Right. But it will also undercut the book's persuasiveness among those who are made uneasy by such theories. And that's a shame, for the factual material in *Kissinger on the Couch*—really, Kissinger's policies on the couch—should be widely aired and nationally debated before we strike further imperfectly explained SALT bargains with the Soviets. But because *Kissinger on the Couch* is guilty of personal and ideological overkill, this is unlikely to happen.

I can't, of course, refute the Schlafly-Ward thesis. There may be a carefully managed conspiracy to make us relinquish our national sovereignty. For that matter, Satan may be alive and living in Zurich, conspiring there to buy up our souls at bargain rates. But I don't quite think so. And I can't quite buy the Schlafly-Ward CFR thesis, given the lack of hard evidence presented here. There is another explanation for Kissinger's policies that might strike the unconvinced as more plausible.



Kissinger is a man of the academy. He came to Washington with an academic world view, a plan for international order constructed from theories of how nations should and would behave given the proper circumstances. And at first it seemed to be working.

But then things began to come apart. People refused to act as the academic master plan required them to act. Because he is an academic, however, Kissinger demanded that they act in accordance with his theories. And so, perhaps, in order to make those theories work, he may have made concessions that non-academics would never have made.

Conspirator? I don't think so. More likely, a brilliant academic possessed of a driving ego, determined to validate an unworkable abstract academic blueprint for peace on earth. □

The Glory and the Dream: A Narrative History of America, 1932-1972

By William Manchester

Little, Brown, 1,397 pp., \$20

FALA YELPS

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

I have completed my reading of a dreadful volume the size of a small suitcase. If I knew of a way to write off for income tax purposes a week's time wasted, I'd surely jump at it. Henry Luce and his cadre of literary stylists had already set forth, with equal grace and thoughtfulness, the recent social and political history of the Republic well before Manchester completed his latest tome. From 1932 to 1972, they got it all down: in 52 x 40 issues, each bursting with the sort of jingles and advertising copy of which Manchester's "montages" are confected—plus some luscious Hertz or Lucky Strike girls, whose curves have not been reproduced in *The Glory and the Dream*.

But perhaps I malign the poets and copy editors of America's foremost weekly news magazine. Where, for instance, would you find in the columns of *Time* such writing as this: "Until that moment [3:35 P.M., April 12, 1945] Fala had been sitting quietly in the bedroom. Now he seemed to sense

RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: British reviewers liked Frances Donaldson's life of *Edward VIII* (Lippincott, \$15). . . . Moynihan and Glazer strike again with *Ethnicity* (Harvard, \$15). The same house offers Robert Penn Warren's *Democracy and Poetry* (\$5.95). . . . *A Second Collection* comprises the recent writings of Jesuit Bernard J. F. Lonergan (Westminster, \$10). . . . *We Are Your Sons* is by the scions of that All American family, the Rosenbergs (Houghton, \$10). . . . Robert Coles explores *William Carlos Williams* (Rutgers, \$7.50). . . . NR contributor Harry Jaffa's new collection of political essays, *The Condition of Freedom*, includes his eulogy of Leo Strauss (Johns Hopkins, \$12.50). The same house issues a symposium on *Dissent in the USSR* edited by Rudolf L. Tokes (\$15).

Useful handbook for fugitives from Fun City: *The New York Times Guide to Suburban Public Schools* by Gene I. Macroff and Leonard Buder (Quadrangle, \$12.50; paper, \$5.95). . . . Hot candidate for Nut Book of the Year is *Born Twice*, wherein Edward Ryall retails his earlier epiphany as John Fletcher, British farmer, born in 1645. Published by Harper, no less (\$8.95). . . . T. Y. Crowell launches *The Encyclopedia of Sea Warfare*, and it's illustrated (\$17.95). . . . NR contributor Vic Gold etches in acid the ways

the change. Abruptly the dog leaped from his corner, brushed the screen door open, and raced, frantically yelping, to the nearest hill. There he stopped barking and stood immobile, as though on vigil." Would even a *Time* writer suffer to pass such a clause as "Dr. Humphrey Osmond . . . neologized a new name for LSD"; or such a grammatical belch as "Who for?"; or such an error of simple fact as that in the assertion, "It was noon in New York, early afternoon in the Middle West"? (California is, in all its craziness, an arbiter of the national taste and a politically powerful state, but not even the Berkeley gurus have as yet been able to cause the sun to rise in the West and to sink in the East.)

I suppose that the presence of the adjective "narrative" in the subtitle makes it indecent of me to suggest that the book lacks anything even remotely resembling an intelligible idea, but nonetheless a fact is a fact: it does. It is to a substantial degree simply a catalogue, intended to serve as flint to the

of Washington PR in *I Don't Need You When I'm Right* (Morrow, \$6.95). . . . Richard O'Conner depicts *Heywood Broun* for Putnam (\$8.95). . . . Coward, McCann has Sir Edmund Hillary's autobiography, *Nothing Venture, Nothing Win* (\$12.95). . . . *Steinbeck: A Life in Letters* is Viking's big one this month (\$15). . . . *Times* financial columnist Robert Metz sneaks a peek behind the call letters at *CBS* (Playboy, \$10). . . . NYSE is an unauthorized history of the Exchange by Robert Sobel (Weybright and Talley, \$15). For the same house, former officer James W. Canan tallies up the score on the Pentagon's *Superwarriors* and their new superweapons (\$12.50).

Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn and six other Russian dissidents issue a Christian manifesto *From under the Rubble* (Little, Brown, \$8.95). . . . Tom Wolfe's new one, *The Painted Word*, devastates modern art (Farrar, \$5.95). . . . Edward Luttwak and Dan Horowitz assess *The Israeli Army* for Harper (\$10). . . . Dick (*Reclaiming the American Dream*) Cornuelle sees signs of individualism reborn in *De-Managing America: The Final Revolution* (Random, \$6.95). . . . Edward Friedland, Paul Seabury, and Aaron Wildavsky puncture U.S. policy in *The Great Detente Disaster* (Basic, \$7.95). . . . Remember the *Amerasia* case? Philip J. Jaffe, who figured prominently in it, now writes on *The Rise and Fall of American Communism*, focuses on his ex-pal Earl Browder (Horizon, \$10).

dull memories of amateur nostalgics who need to be reminded of the objects of their would-be nostalgia. Describing the impact of the Depression, Manchester suggests that "A glance at some names is useful. In 1932 Robert F. Kennedy became seven years old; Frank Church and James Baldwin were eight." And of the year 1945: "The press that autumn was unfamiliar with the public personalities of Jane Alpert, Mark Rudd, Stokely Carmichael . . . because none of them had any." (Times change!)

MANCHESTER reconstructs past years by name-dropping—titles of songs, names of people, and brand names. Here the "montages"—snippets from songs, advertising squibs, newspaper headlines printed every whichway—pull their weight: "Mamma's little baby/loves a union shop"; "Best Sellers: Non-fiction/*Arthritis and Common Sense*/by Dale Alexander"; "GET RID OF TIRED BLOOD"; "ROCKY'S SON IN NEW GUINEA." The shock, provided thus, of emotional

recognition does the job: you're back in the Forties, or maybe the Fifties. Manchester doesn't have to sweat to make his point, to immanentize the record: not as hard, at any rate, as did John Dos Passos, whose *U.S.A.*, with its "Camera Eye," "Newsreel," and potted biographies (*The Glory and the Dream* has them, too—"Portraits of Americans," done in proletarian style, of Eleanor Roosevelt, Walter Reuther, Marilyn Monroe, etc.), apparently served Manchester as a model during the fabrication of his jitney epic. The most inane or inconsequential tidbits work double-time to suggest the quintessence of any particular year (for every year, like the latest chariot from Detroit, has perforce its own *je ne sais quoi*); thus 1971 was "a rough year for tradition," with Rolls Royce in receivership, a bomb in the boys' room in the U.S. Senate, and botulism in the Bon Vivant soup cans. Manchester evokes historical periods much as Theodore Dreiser was wont to evoke a hotel or a city street: by stringing item after item after item. Like Dreiser, he simply assumes that a lot of anything adds up to a whole lot.

The title of this silly book is taken from Wordsworth's query:

*Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?*

Where is it now, indeed! Entombed in the prose of those 52 x 40 back issues of *Time* magazine, that's where—and in the banal vision of William Manchester's latest bestseller. □

National Suicide: Military Aid to the Soviet Union

By Antony C. Sutton

Arlington, 228 pp., \$7.95

Wall Street and the Bolshevik Revolution

By Antony C. Sutton

Arlington, 283 pp., \$8.95

YANKEE TRADERS

S. K. OBERBECK

With detente in a blessed turmoil and IBM recently nabbing nine German spies stealing computer technology allegedly for the KGB, here are two instructive studies as timely as today's

headlines. They deserve wide readership. Both books document how extensively America already has contributed to building the Soviet state. In *Wall Street and the Bolshevik Revolution*, Hoover Institution scholar Antony Sutton argues that the Communists rule Russia not in spite of, but more because of, American (and European) monopoly capitalists who bankrolled and bolstered the shaky Bolsheviks from 1917 on. In *National Suicide*, the author contends, with only a trace of hyperbole, that "there is no such thing as Soviet technology." What there is is Western technology which has been given to, sold to, bought, borrowed, or stolen by the Soviets. In their hands, this techno-treasure "has built the Free World an enemy of the first order."

WHILE THIS is not exactly a shattering revelation, Sutton's alarming litany of America's historical shuttling between greed and giveaway is an eye-opener. Using now-declassified U.S. Government files, surprisingly revealing Soviet data (especially maritime data), and some judiciously spaded-up history, Sutton shows how emissaries from interlocked factions of famous American dynastic fortunes (Morgan, Rockefeller, Guggenheim, Whitney, Du Pont) invested shadowy millions in the faltering Bolsheviks and not too overhandedly connived to sell the regime's "virtues" to Washington. Their reasons for financing the anti-plutocrats were Russia's vast, untapped natural resources and potential industrial needs.

America's monopoly capitalists, he submits, found perfect business bedfellows in the power-hungry Bolsheviks, who were desperate enough to barter Russia's resources for credits and hard currency. Unlike America's "laissez-faire entrepreneurs," our pillars of plutocracy shared basic aims with social revolutionaries (and aided them in China, Mexico, and Panama as well as Russia). These men, says Sutton, were internationalist, imperialist, and highly centralized decisionmakers. In terms of cynical, selfish Realpolitik, the bankers and industrialists had the right idea in their "unholy alliance": the inherent weaknesses of socialist central planning and Bolshevik dependence on Western capital would prevent Russia from becoming a serious competitor and keep her "a captive market and technical colony."

What began as massive and often

secret aid quickly developed into brisk trade, with Western—largely American—technology and managerial skills helping to nudge Russia into an industrial age. We developed the first Five Year Plans—and sold them the machinery to try to make them come true. Industry and science followed suit, willingly exporting technological treasure to a country whose leaders still preach that everything can be converted into weapons to fight capitalism. Lenin predicted that we would sell the Communists the rope to hang us; we have. Sutton demonstrates rather frighteningly how Soviet industrialization, especially since WW II, has been synonymous with Soviet militarization. Ships and trucks ferrying Russian copies of Western armaments into Haiphong and down the Ho Chi Minh Trail might as well have been stamped "Made in U.S.A."

One could go on. Sutton does, relying on Soviet data because much critical U.S. trade information is *still* classified (some as far back as 1919!), to show how "peaceful trade" turns into military advantage. Turnkey "truck" and "tractor" plants can easily produce tanks and transport vehicles. The latest in U.S. precision ball-bearing manufacturing equipment may go into missiles, aviation, artillery systems. Advanced computers (which the USSR seriously lacks, says Sutton, and "promises" not to use militarily) are another major factor in building a global threat that "costs the American taxpayer \$80 billion a year to counter." And there is "clear, overwhelming" evidence that "the Soviets have used American technology to kill Americans and their allies"—some 100,000 in Korea and Vietnam by Sutton's tally.

A PEACEFUL trade advocate might well argue that technology, as such, is a free, world commodity—as with (ideally) scientific and medical knowledge. Or that if we don't sell it to the Russians, our European competitors will garner the gold. Sutton's reply is that U.S. technology is generally the most advanced and sought after and that, for political as well as economic reasons, the Soviets do not possess the innovative push or R&D resources to match our standards. Small wonder that the German spies were rifling IBM for the latest goodies. Our peaceful traders might ponder these two books to good advantage. □

REJOINDER

Tatlin!

By Guy Davenport

Scribner, 261 pp., \$7.95

STRANGER THAN STANNUM

HUGH KENNER

More people, at a guess, read book reviews than patronize tattoo parlors, and are less well served: for instance by the recent account in these pages of Guy Davenport's *Tatlin!* ["Six Artful Derivations," by M. E. Bradford, May 9], from which no one would guess that the reviewer's eyes had been scanning a fiction new as Wyndham Lewis paintings are still new, the Gestalt bizarre, the elements hard-edged and bright. No, we are to suppose Mr. Davenport was trying to write stories and getting tangled up. (Lewis was trying to paint Kodachromes?)

It's not the first time. Another reviewer, though with the excuse of a newspaper deadline, complained that in the second part of *Tatlin!* Mr. Davenport had set out to tell a story about an Italian airshow in 1909, but had ruined this promising subject by dragging in people like Kafka.

But the point of the "story" is precisely that Kafka, Franz Kafka, the twentieth century's melancholy mythic conscience, really was there when the likes of Curtiss and Blériot were playing Jules Verne in their cranky motorized box kites.

"The aeroplane waddled forward. It seemed to slide rather than roll, and darted one way and another like a goose on a frozen river. Kafka was appalled by its desperation and failure of grace before he reflected that the most agile birds are clownish on the ground."

We don't think of birds now. Kafka would have, in 1909. And when the thing flies, he reflects, "It was not a machine for the grave Leonardo, his white beard streaming over his shoulder, his mind on Pythagoras and on teaching Cesare Borgia to fly. It was rather the very contraption for Pinocchio to extend the scope of his mischief."

It was not Leonardo, it was two brothers named Wright, who first got off the ground. What a strange name,

Wright, to a Czech! (And there were no Czechs then; Prague was in Bohemia.) How does Kafka imagine that event?

"By a fat wheatfield under the largest of skies an intricate geometry of wires and neat oblongs of stretched canvas sat like the death ship of a pharaoh. It looked like a loom mounted on a sled. It was as elegantly laced, strutted and poised as the time machine of H. George Wells. Its motor popped, its two screw propellers whirled, bending the lush American weeds to the ground. Field mice scurried to their burrows in the corn. Coyotes' ears went up and their yellow eyes brightened."

Those exact, stabbing phrases ("like the death ship of a pharaoh"; "their yellow eyes brightened") are Davenport's inimitable idiom. The wheatfield, the coyotes, the lush weeds are his notation for what we can hardly imagine, the effort of Franz Kafka to visualize something inconceivable in a fabled country, only five years after it happened in a time when time still flowed slowly and magazines had not saturated the mind with images of bleak Kitty Hawk sands. ("Somewhere in the unimaginable vastness of America Mark Twain smoked a Havana cigar and cocked his head at the new automobiles, three abreast on roads hacked through red forests of maple.")

WE ARE attending the birth of the twentieth century, and Kafka, carried to the spot by fate, may stand for the Sibylline effort of a mind now vanished to assimilate its angularities. (The book ends with Neil Armstrong stepping with his left foot onto the dust of the moon.) It is a high moment of the late twentieth century imagination, this fiction, like that lunar exploit. And the reviewer says we are "in the vicinity of Swinburne." I do not know what to make of such a comment. *Swinburne*, the auto-hypnotist!

"Self-conscious (and self-defensive),

arcane, and precious," these are adjectives deemed pertinent to the prose of which you have just been reading excerpts. Moreover, "a tiresome Eliotic wealth of references and refractions back and forth in time which are part of the author's consideration of history but simultaneously tend to hide from our view the modest threads of narrative they are supposed to reinforce."

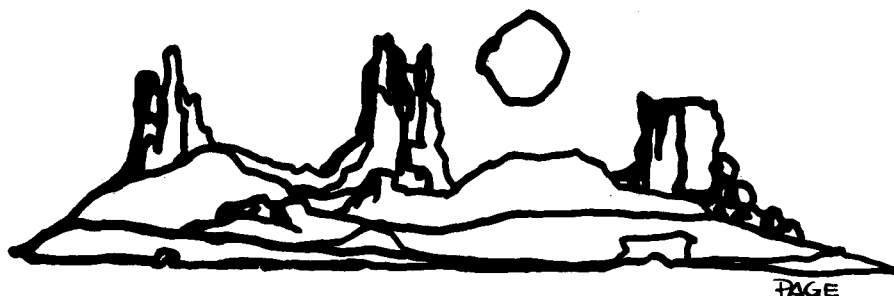
One deduces that the reviewer can't read Eliot, whose way of letting words melt into allusiveness is as unlike Mr. Davenport's respect for their hard contours as anything one can call to mind. And as for those reinforced threads of narrative (what a metaphor!)—there is in fact virtually no narrative. There are scenes, tableaux, made of still smaller perceptions, and the smallest blocks, the trim sentences, are made of words, all from some dictionary or other, or sometimes from some speech.

"Light with the dead gleam of stannum pushes its ruled edge across the black floor of Petavius . . ."—a detail from an astonishing account of a lunar day, the bright bleakness pushing implacably among places man has named from afar without having visited or felt. "Stannum" is tin. Substitute "tin" and watch the magic of the sentence crumple.

But the reviewer, who admits to tiring easily ("we are tired of asking" in some connection or other), complains of "the imitation of Pound and Eliot (and thus of their *fin de siècle* fathers)." The man who found the word "stannum" for that sentence is enjoined, next time, to put first things first. When he does that, "things will go better." Puts first things first? Tells a rattling good story? "It was a dark and stormy night. . . ."

The reader is hereby enjoined to ignore reviews, including if he chooses all of this one but this sentence, and address his mind to the book, where he will find stranger things than stannum.

□



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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[M. STANTON] EVANS:

You Today, Me Tomorrow.

I am constantly amazed by certain of my journalistic brethren who are eager to have controls slapped on every other aspect of our society, but bridle at the mention of controls upon the media. . . . It is impossible to have a free press in a society that is otherwise regimented.

groups or organizations who would use us or the busing issue for their ends. They are not and will not be accepted by this community. They are not here by community invitation and we do not accept their presence."

While I am reading, a man of forty, clean-shaven, neat appearing, begins a conversation. I ask him if he thinks the *Globe* will carry this. He shrugs his shoulders and says, "They hate the truth." He asks me what I am doing. I explain. He is interested. He launches into a scathing attack on "these vermin Nazis . . . foreign pigs . . . who give us a bad name." They are going to leave peaceably or be smoked out, someone across the way calls out. The man continues rambling on complaining of Mayor White, the Police Commissioner, and blacks in Roxbury. Tedious stories I have heard a hundred times before.

Then he becomes personal, confidential even, telling me that his child was suspended from school, "not for fighting . . . not for this race thing . . . you know." He tells me he had to go over to the high school to talk to the

teachers. He went to school there, he says. "Never any cops then . . . but now the school is like a police station. . . . How do they learn anything? His voice is sad, his words poignant. Where is the past? Where is that good long ago? Why can't my children have it? Where are the snows of yesteryear, Villon almost said. I am moved. From the revolving picket which I have forgotten about come the cries, "Pixie! Pixie. Here's Pixie." They are cheering. They applaud.

I have heard of Pixie Palladino. She runs the Information Center in the North End. The Italian section of Boston. The children up there have not been bused this year. Judge Garrity says they will be in Phase Two. "Where is Pixie Palladino?" I ask the man.

"She's the one in the fur coat."

She is. A stylish rabbit coat, maroon slacks, English boots, and a pretty face. She is making a few turns in the circular picket. When she stops, I walk over to her. I introduce myself. She has heard of NR, has read the articles, calls David Brudnoy "Professor Brudnoy." She speaks very precisely, very calmly. She is almost unemotional. I am struck by this calm professional air about her. As a general rule, everyone discussing forced busing becomes tense, rigid, very emotional. She tells me plainly and simply, "They give us a bad name. The Nazis are racists. They are trying to use forced busing as an issue. Like the media. The question of racism and the question of forced busing are two separate items. Those who are opposed to us must, of course, say we are racists. They have to. They have to link the two together. Because if they did not, then everyone would see we are just fighting for our rights. The right to send our children to the school nearest them. Americans have had this right for two hundred years and now it has been taken from them for some abstract concept called racial balance. I don't even want to talk about how many millions of dollars are being squandered on buses. It is a question of rights."

She leaves telling me that I can talk to her 'most any time at her Information Center. I go back to my car and drive over to the public library and read David's articles. How wise, how intelligent they are. I smile as, on the way back home, I notice the picket is still here, still revolving. But all new faces. Not one who was there earlier when I saw the distinction, met a good man, and talked to the professorial Pixie.



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A Day In Israel

On The Right

Tel Aviv, May 8—Leaving Israel is a revealing experience. It is hard to begrudge an air terminal that has suffered what Lod has suffered the right to impose any indignity on transiting passengers. So when the lady asked me what was my profession, I answered good-naturedly, "I am a journalist."

"Show me your journalist card."

"What do you mean my 'journalist card'?" I answered. "In America, we don't have 'journalist cards'."

Well then, she said, how could I prove I was who I said I was?

When you come to think of it, proving you are who you are, when your interrogator declines to accept your passport or your American Express card as proof, isn't the most obviously easy thing in the world to do. But that was when my inspiration took me. In my briefcase I was carrying a copy of one of my recent books, promised to my host in Athens. I reached for it triumphantly, because on the back of it is a large photograph of seven scruffy looking people of whom I am one, and the central figure is most indisputably Dr. Henry Kissinger, Secretary of State of the United States, whose signature appears on all our passports beseeching foreign officials to permit us pass without let or hindrance. The occasion of the photograph was the swearing in of the United States delegation to the 28th General Assembly of the United Nations.

On seeing the face of Dr. Kissinger, I regret to report, the lady instantly left and came back with a man dressed in khaki, about thirty years old, sinewy, tough.

"How long have you been in Israel?"

"One day," I said.

"What did you do?"

The Lord, I thought, had delivered him into my hands.

"Well as a matter of fact, I spent an hour in a television studio with Prime Minister Rabin."

With this, the gentleman became forthrightly hostile and suspicious as, one supposes, he'd have done if I'd had said I was Napoleon.

"Where are you going from here?"—he answered his own question by ex-

amining my airplane ticket which showed I would spend two days in Athens, and an evening in London, before going on to Washington.

"Why are you going to London?"

I thought it best not to yield to the temptation of saying, "I can't go any longer without listening to Big Ben."

"Because you cannot get to the United States if you leave Athens after 2 P.M., and my business in Athens does not end until 2 P.M., so I am hitching a ride to London where I shall spend the night visiting with my goddaughter's parents in Wiltshire, catching the early flight the next morning to Washington."

"That isn't true. You can get to Washington or New York directly from Athens."

"Look," I said, "what business is it of yours where I go after I leave Israel? What if I wanted to go to Iceland?"

"I am the chief security officer," he said.

We had, really, reached an impasse; and so he decided, grudgingly, not to detain me. Instead, the two of them inspected my baggage with lascivious care, even unto squirting my Right Guard, thus further diminishing the Ozone Barrier.

"They are really uptight over there," a journalist in Athens commented, on hearing the story. He used a word which, mercifully, has very nearly gone out of fashion. But he used it truly, and there is every reason for Israel to be in a high state of jitters.

Yet having remarked this, I found in conversations with Mr. Rabin and with a newspaper editor, an academician, and an author, that there is a mood of subjective fatalistic optimism in Israel. They figure that the price of bringing Israel down is a price the world, really, isn't prepared to pay. Don't ask me how I found out, and thank God Ninotchka didn't know I was leaving the country with this piece of knowledge, but the Israeli high command figures it could stand six weeks of war before finding itself in the logistical jam it was in after six days of the Yom Kippur War. The feeling is that the Arabs simply do not

want another war, and that the claims of the Palestinians will not drive the Arabs to another war. It is obvious that the Israelis are genuinely ready for some horsetrading, and through it all, they are sustained by a great spirit, which tells them that if Apocalypse is ahead for them, they must accept the fact—fatalistically. But the feeling is that Israel will survive. Returning home, one finds, in America, true gloom. □

AND NOW LEGISLATIVE SUPREMACY

New York, May 15—The shift of power from the executive to the

legislative branch of government has come with a terrible swiftness, reeling to the mind. It is yet another historical irony because although it has been American conservatives who have railed against executive supremacy, it is American liberals who are benefiting from the ascendancy of the legislative branch.

We all know how it happened. It was not the result of an orderly rethinking of government arrangements. It didn't come after three years' study by a huge Hoover Commission, or even from the deliberations of Mr. Hutchins' zoo out in Santa Barbara. It happened because of Watergate and the peculiar leverages one event had upon another.

It began with the fear of the omnipotent President in foreign affairs. The revolt in Congress was in reaction to the uses made by Lyndon Johnson of the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution passed in 1965. Before that, Republicans in particular had criticized executive arrogance in foreign affairs. Indeed, if the standards brought up for Mr. Nixon's conduct of foreign affairs had been used against Franklin Delano Roosevelt, I do believe the gentleman would have been not only impeached, but hanged.

Then, with the general disgust that followed Mr. Nixon's resignation, the voters stayed home in droves, and those who went to the polls voted substantially for a young set of legislators who went to Washington quite determined not only to dominate foreign policy, but to run the domestic plant as well. It happened that this set of legislators were of a progressive inclination: op-

posed to any of the ideas loosely associated with the memory of Mr. Nixon. Accordingly, they went to Washington and began doing what everybody likes most to do: spend other people's money.

Early on, in a show of power against the Democratic leadership which has always believed in deficit financing but stops this side of the Weimar Republic level, they established rule by caucus. This is now called King Caucus, and it tends to work as follows. The majority party caucuses, and reaches a conclusion concerning a particular issue. The minority within the party are considered bound by the wishes of the majority, even as in a parliamentary democracy in Europe. So that when they appear on the floor of, say, the House of Representatives, the Democrats vote like the Rockettes, and huge majorities sanction the populist policies voted by the majority of the caucus.

It is always a little risky to play this game, but it is fair to play it just the same. Applied to the present situation, it is possible to say that Congress is being run by a set of legislators who received the vote of about 20 per cent of the American people. That's how many, in the election of 1974, rolled up the Democratic landslide.

Now, conservative complaints against executive arrogance were not overstated. The best single treatment of the subject is in James Burnham's book *Congress and the American Tradition*, published nearly twenty years ago.

But legislative supremacy suggests legislative responsibility. Otherwise, what you have is legislative tyranny. In the situation as it is developing, congressmen appear to be voting without any regard for any fixed principle whatever. This is not, to be sure, a good season for collegiate principles. The idea that everybody's individual conscience ought to be the only guide is enshrined in the intellectual successes of Daniel Ellsberg and the Berrigan Brothers. Congress proceeds on twin assumptions. The first is that every congressman is entitled not only to know all the nation's secrets but, in fact, to use his own judgment on whether to share them with the Associated Press. The other assumption is that it is an act of bourgeois restraint to spend less money than is required to achieve whatever philanthropic purpose any legislator has in mind.

The natural answer to an irresponsible Congress is—a responsible Congress. It is Congress itself that should curb the excesses of King Caucus. Otherwise, it requires the re-establishment of a dominant Executive. There

are conservative theorists who reason that only a strong Executive can summon the public power to contest an irresponsible Congress backed by the huge bureaucracy it feeds. We need at this moment, above all, expressions from responsible Democrats in the House and in the Senate deploring the jacobinical excesses of some of their colleagues. These Democrats need, in turn, support from sober members of the progressive establishment. Because mature men know that, in the end, nothing is achieved by congressional irresponsibility except the loss of freedom and stability. □

THE CHASTENED DOLLAR

Geneva, May 12—The frightening stories you hear about prices in Europe are largely true. It will require a major change in the American mind to revise the fiction that Europe is where you go to have a cheap vacation. A generation's experience with a dollar swaggering down the European marketplace taking a little of this, a bunch of that, filling the basket to overflowing is now as remote as the Paris of Hemingway.

A few concrete examples. I and my six bags and briefcases needed, this afternoon, to get from Geneva to Montreux, which is superhighway all the way, about sixty miles. Price? Three hundred francs. The easiest way to translate Swiss francs into what we used to call Real Money is to multiply by four. It comes to a hundred and twenty dollars—for an hour's car ride. (I write these words on the train.)

Two weeks ago I was one night at the Dolder Grand in Zurich, a lovely hotel I have known since childhood. I asked for the smallest suite. The bill was a hundred and sixty dollars. A few months ago, driving by night to the mountains and having gagged at the food proffered on the airplane by BEA, my wife and I found a country inn, ordered two sandwiches each and a bottle of the local wine. Twenty dollars.

The Swiss will tell you, quite politely and quite cogently, that, really, it isn't their fault. Only two and a half years ago you could take a \$10 bill to a bank and get 43 francs for it. At that rate the hotels, taxis, and ham sandwiches in Switzerland have risen only by that almost universal 10 per cent per year that everybody seems to get used to. But when you add to that 10 per cent two devaluations of the dollar, you get a polarization that makes travel in Switzerland—and France, and Germany—terribly expensive. It is, I think, not an exaggeration to say that travel within America is substantially cheaper than in Europe. Our gasoline is half as ex-

pensive. Our typical motel rooms are half as high. Except for the fancy spots in the fancy cities, our cuisine is, I would guess, about three-quarters as high. Inflation, as Lord Keynes reminded us, is a most evil disease not least because its consequences are so subtle, so pernicious, so difficult to track down. The United States has gravely mismanaged its economic affairs, but it is only lately that we begin to realize that all that scope we thought we had in virtue of our dizzying per capita wealth is very largely illusory.

Everyone knows, of course, that the richest per capita state is one of those places in the Persian Gulf, where there is an oil pool per goat-herder. And this is true—specifically, of Kuwait, which has a per capita gross national product of \$11,000. But surely we are next, and well ahead even of the Europeans?

No. The second richest country (I use per capita income, of course) is Switzerland, at \$7,270. After Switzerland comes Sweden, with \$6,840. Then Denmark (\$6,800); and only after that, the United States with \$6,595. We are only a little way ahead of West Germany (\$6,215) and France (\$5,390). We are just a hair ahead of Canada, after which come Norway, Australia, Belgium, the Netherlands, Libya, Austria, and Japan.

The big dip comes at this point with Great Britain at \$3,385. Recently Mr. Denis Healey, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, proudly announced that the government is spending \$2,400 per year on every member of the working population. He doesn't have very far to go before he spends more on Englishmen than Englishmen earn.

BUT NOT TO stray from the point: the United States is massively rich because it has a huge capital plant geared to produce for 200 million people. That capital plant can accomplish marvels: it can land people on the moon, produce 10 million automobiles, provide a huge percentage of the foodstuffs of the entire world. But it is powerless to defend itself against the depredations of politicians who abuse it: by taxing it into premature senility; by improvident fiscal and monetary policies. And by a kind of disgust-with-it-all, of which the best expression was the formative book of Professor Galbraith, *The Affluent Society*. The United States has done more than any country in the world to lift its own people and—by the export of capital and technology—other people out of material misery. But a few days in Europe, with humiliating trips to the money changer's window, reminds us that an era is over. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A post-wedding custom

28 4 18 30 139 52 66 71 103 144
156 187

B. Treatment with oil

55 5 19 65 84 177 191 72 168 88
136

C. A circumscribed new growth of congenital origin

190 83 134 26 44 159 6 179 37

D. Smokers' superstition going back to Crimean and Boer Wars

192 3 34 47 53 38 57 75 93 98
105 111 147

E. English conspirator (1570-1606)

102 131 204 164 13 170 29 62 79

F. One of the prophets (not Gallup or Harist)

104 122 126 81 1 193

G. A secret society of criminals

109 133 149 166 45

H. Son of Zeus and Leto, brother of Artemis, and father of Aesculapius

116 14 56 135 99 108

I. An object of devotion

39 42 51 58 77 85

J. Without a set time

121 173 7 141 128 194 82

K. A Frenchman who fought in the American Revolution

132 203 145 80 169 8 40 64 86

L. The Swedish nightingale

151 129 140 113

M. Children

153 174 23 31 89 123 48

N. Tellers of tales

158 9 90 67 100 197 24 60

O. TOO CHILL

15 20 69 63 87 49 78 91

P. Checks sharply

163 110 10 115

Q. A game of chance

199 68 32 176 155

R. Outcome

76 43 161 11 184 33

S. One of various small semiaquatic salamanders

95 114 175 188

T. Abundance of property

137 70 119 16 150 160 186 130 178

U. A province of Spain

146 189 152 171 96 201

V. An American duck related to the canvasback

165 97 118 41 143 35 195

W. Peculiar to a particular group or individual

181 167 12 154 54 124 200 112 25

X. MISHAP ON CHIP

36 106 120 142 2 17 27 101 182 107
117 125

Y. Carelessness with table utensil; it inspired superstitions

172 21 92 50 196 73 127 162 138 202
94 59 183

Z. Names or states explicitly

46 61 180 157 185 74 198 148 22

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 628 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

	1	F		2	X	3	D	4	A	5	B	6	C	7	J	8	K	9	N	10	P	11	R	12	W	13	E		14	H	15	O	
16	T	17	X	18	A	19	B		20	O	21	Y	22	Z	23	M	24	N	25	W	26	C	27	X	28	A		29	E	30	A	31	M
32	Q		33	R	34	D	35	V	36	X	37	C		38	D	39	I		40	K	41	V	42	I		43	R	44	C	45	G		
46	Z	47	D	48	M		49	O	50	Y		51	I	52	A	53	D		54	W	55	B	56	H	57	D		58	I	59	Y		
60	N	61	Z	62	E	63	O	64	K	65	B	66	A		67	N	68	Q	69	O	70	T	71	A	72	B	73	Y		74	Z	75	D
76	R	77	I	78	O		79	E	80	K	81	F	82	J		83	C	84	B		85	I	86	K	87	O	88	B	89	M	90	N	
	91	O	92	Y	93	D		94	Y	95	S		96	U	97	V	98	D	99	H	100	N	101	X	102	E		103	A	104	F		
105	D	106	X		107	X	108	H	109	G	110	P	111	D	112	W	113	L	114	S		115	P	116	H	117	X	118	V		119	T	
120	X	121	J	122	F	123	M		124	W		125	X	126	F	127	Y	128	J	129	L	130	T	131	E	132	K	133	G	134	C	135	H
136	B		137	T	138	Y	139	A		140	L	141	J	142	X	143	V		144	A	145	K		146	U	147	D	148	Z				
149	G	150	T	151	L	152	U		153	M	154	W	155	Q	156	A		157	Z	158	N	159	C	160	T	161	R		162	Y	163	P	
	164	E	165	V	166	G	167	W	168	B	169	K		170	E	171	U		172	Y	173	J	174	M	175	S		176	Q	177	B		
178	T	179	C	180	Z		181	W	182	X		183	Y	184	R	185	Z	186	T	187	A		188	S	189	U		190	C	191	B		
	192	D	193	F	194	J		195	V	196	N	197	W	198	Z	199	Q		200	W	201	U		202	Y	203	K	204	E				

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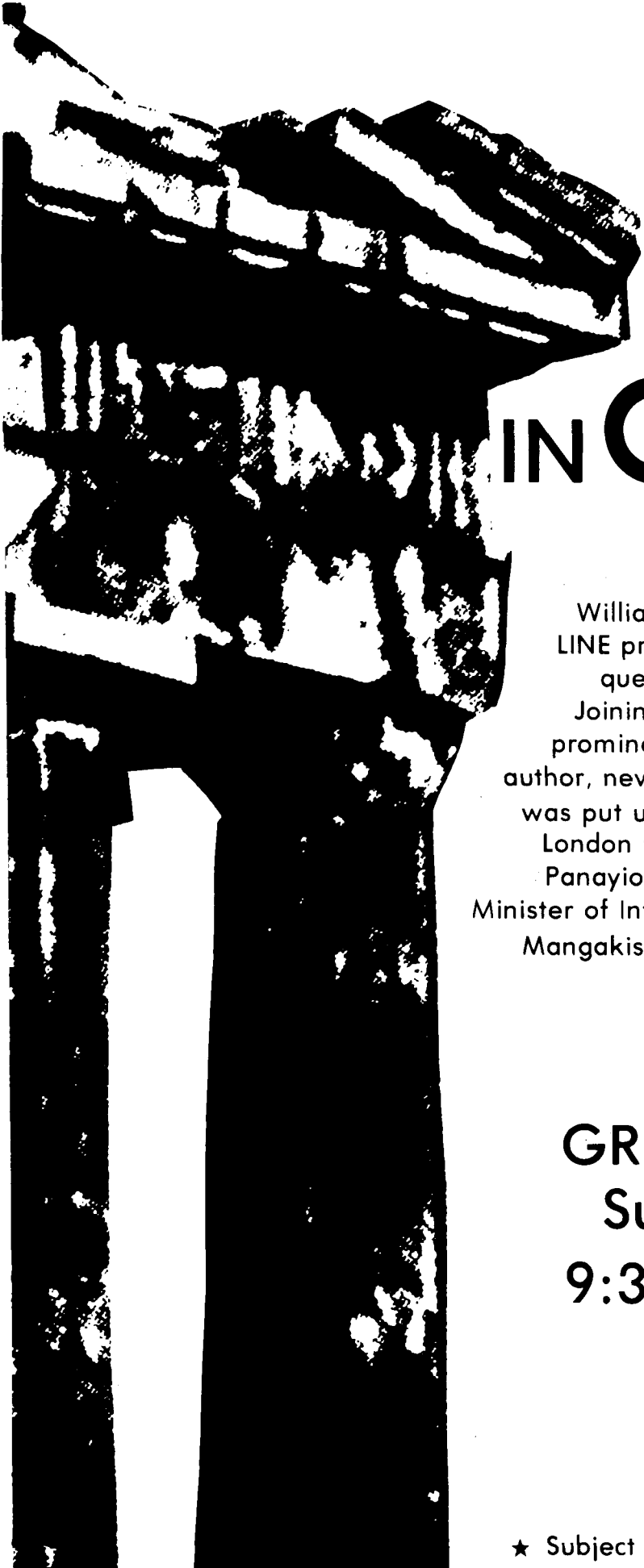
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FIRING LINE IN GREECE

William F. Buckley, Jr., takes his FIRING LINE program to Athens to delve into the question of "U. S. - Greek Relations."

Joining him for the discussion are three prominent Greek citizens: Helen Vlachos, author, newspaper editor and publisher, who was put under house arrest and escaped to London while the colonels were in power; Panayiotis Lambrias, cabinet member and Minister of Information; and George Alexander Mangakis, who is a member of parliament.

"U. S. -
GREEK RELATIONS"
Sunday, June 1
9:30 PM on PBS ★

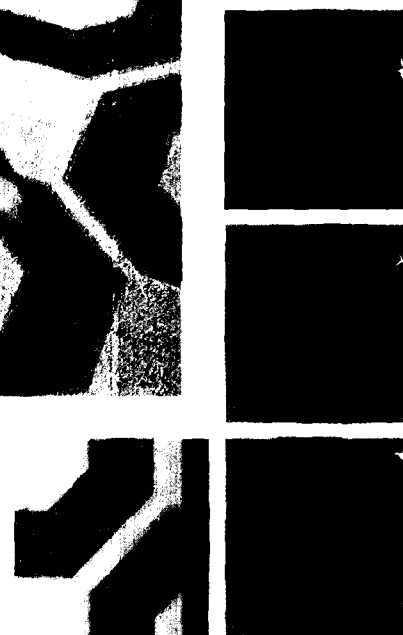
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Milliken's Flexagon Carpet Tiles awarded IBD First Prize for Floor Coverings.

Once again, for the second year in a row, a major award of the prestigious Institute of Business Designers has been won by Milliken. The product honored is Flexagon, a new geometric design in Milliken's MILSTAR® Custom Squares, free-lay tiles with pile of 100% Antron® nylon. Flexagon is so versatile that, for the first time ever, an almost infinite multiplicity of patterns is provided by a single design.

Cited by the IBD for their design achievement were Daniel C. Stark, Milliken's Director of Styling and Design, and David Oakey, Designer. The award-winning design is one of a number of remarkable new patterns made possible by the revolutionary Millitron™ Computer Injection Dyeing development from Milliken Research, America's largest textile research and development organization.



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